

No. 447.—Vol. XXXV.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 21, 1901.

SIXPENCE.



MISS LILY HANBURY,

WHO IS TO APPEAR WITH MR. LEWIS WALLER IN "A ROYAL RIVAL," AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S THEATRE NEXT SATURDAY.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS AND WALERY, BAKER STREET, W.

#### THE CLUBMAN HOLIDAY-MAKING.

My Vaçation — Ostend, Heyste, Bruges, and Blankenberghe — A Leisurely Journey through Belgium — Brussels in Summer — Waterloo Revisited.

AM going to some German or Austrian Spa, just as a compliment to the demons of gout and liver, a visit of ceremony to request them to keep away from my doors for a year; but to which watering-place I am going and in what country I do not know yet, and, therefore, am loitering on my way while I make up my mind. Ostend was the port of entrance to the Continent that I chose—not that I look upon that highly decorated town on the sand-hills as a restful spot, but that I like the little towns in its neighbourhood—Blankenberghe and Heyste and Knock, and sleepy old Nieuport and Bruges, where one can imagine oneself in the Middle Ages again, and where, at the Flandre, there is one of the best cellars of Burgundy in the world.

Heyste, which I remember in old days as a little group of fishermen's cottages, is going to be a considerable town when the works at the mouth of the canal are finished, for a British company talks of running a line of big steamers to the new port, and, with the growth of Heyste, prosperity is to come again to Bruges, and the grass-grown streets are to be noisy once more with traffic; there will be the talk of merchants once again in the shadow of the old brown tower, and the Lac d'Amour—the sheet of water with a pathetic story, which now is undisturbed, as the last resting-place of lovers should be—will be furrowed by pleasure-boats.

Blankenberghe I found openly joyful that this year is likely to be the last one during which rouge-et-noir and roulette will be permitted at Ostend, for the newer seaside town looks on itself as a rival to the older one, and, with its beautiful sands, could do more, so its inhabitants say, than hold its own against its bigger neighbour if the attraction of the tables were withdrawn from the latter.

The Casino at Blankenberghe is a wonderfully good one for a small town, and in the glazed shelter on the pier there is always a band in the afternoon and evening, or a concert with some star performer from Paris. From quite a selfish point of view, I hope that Blankenberghe will not increase in size in the near future, for if it does, the simplicity of the place will vanish. Now, it is a paradise for children. The elder people make their hours suit those of the children; dinner is a midday meal, and supper is the evening feast, and, though the "grown-ups" dance in the Casino when the curly-heads are asleep on their pillows, in all else they live very much the same innocent, open-air life that the babies do—bathing in the morning, catching imaginary shrimps in impossible nets or driving out to picnies in the afternoon, and feeling quite unfashionably tired through exercise and the sleepy balm of the sea in the evening.

Curiously enough, there are many people in Ostend much interested in the prosperity of the town who think that the possible suppression of the tables would be an unmixed blessing. A big jeweller of Ostend told me that he believed that more money would be spent in the shops if there were no gambling. "People come in here," he said, "and look at pretty and expensive things, and tell me that they will take this and take that when they have won money at the tables. They go away to the Casino and I never see them again." The Municipality, if the Lower House of the Belgian Parliament has its way, will have less money to spend on the gardens and on prizes for the races and regattas than before: but, if Ostend has to depend on other attractions in the evening beyond those of the tables, there will soon be a fine theatre in the town instead of the little tumble-down edifice which calls itself the Theatre Royal.

Amongst my friends I count one who declares that August is the month during which he can thoroughly enjoy London, for then he can dress simply. I have been enjoying Brussels in somewhat the same manner. All the theatres but one are closed, though a second is about to open, and the amusements are all in the open air. The band of La Monnaie, the Opera House, plays at Wauxhall—they spell the word with a "W" in Brussels—in the central park of the city and in the Bois de Cambre, which is to the Belgian capital what the Bois de Boulogne is to Paris. There is now a delightful little restaurant at La Laiterie, where other beverages than milk can be obtained, and where a band plays and there are lights innumerable and much innocent gaiety. It has been too hot to go to the quaint little restaurants in the town—the historic Étoile, the Épaule de Mouton, the mediæval Failée Dechirée, the Filet de Bœuf, and the others—and I have, two nights in succession, dined in much content amidst woodland scenery.

I revisited Waterloo. Since, as a small boy, I was taken over the ground by two old gentlemen, one of whom had helped to close the gate of Hougoumont against the French bayonets and the other had ridden in the charge of the Union Brigade, I have been on the field of the great battle half-a-dozen times, and have driven as often out to Quatre Bras; but had never been to Wavre, whence the Prussians marched to decide the issue of the glorious day. A tramway now runs through the valleys along which the Germans dragged their guns, through the mud, to the town which was the headquarters of our allies. The earth is soft and brown, little streams cut their way through the easy soil and form pools in every hollow, and, seeing the ground, it is possible to understand how difficult the task was that the fiery old Marshal Blücher set his men, and how it required all the energy he was able to inspire to enable him to keep his promise to Wellington and to bring his army up on to Napoleon's flank.

#### THE CHAPERON ON THE MOORS.

The Chaperon among the Grouse—Plain Tails for the Hills—Some Clever Lady Shots—Famous Fisherwomen—The "L.K.A." Show at Harrogate—Going to the "Batt"—New Engagements.

CAN remember the time when not even the sprightliest of chaperons would have been found on the heather. In those days the Twelfth of August was glorious only to the enthusiastic sportsman willing to put up with the inconvenience and even primitive discomfort of life in a Highland shooting-box. Of course, certain great Scottish ladies—Duchess "Annie," the mother of the present Duke of Sutherland, the first Duchess of Westminster, the Duchess of Atholl—all entertained their respective husband's guests during the shooting season, but they would have looked very askance at any girl or young matron who wished to share the fun. Now, of course, many women shoot, and one very charming débutante, Lady Constance Mackenzie, the young sister of Lady Cromartie, has actually taken a shooting. Lady Tweedmouth's prowess with rod and rifle is quite celebrated, and the Duchess of Bedford is seriously believed by many people to rival Lord de Grey, especially as regards accuracy of aim. Of course, many pretty women simply content themselves with walking out with the guns.

Those who can boast of a drop of Scottish blood in their veins appear on the heather-clad moor in tartan-plaid skirts. These form a pretty, quaint contrast to the plain, close kilts worn by those of the shooters who can claim to be on their native heath. "Plain tails for the hills," one witty lady dubbed the short, exiguous skirts now worn by all the smart folk when in the Highlands, and the name has stuck.

As to who is where, newcomers to the far North who have been specially welcomed are the young Duke and Duchess of Westminster. Lochmore Lodge, notwithstanding its modest name, is said to be one of the most comfortable and luxurious places in Sutherland, and as the Duke has kept the greater portion of his estates up there in his own hands this year, he and his friends will have a good time and the Duchess will have many opportunities of going out deer-stalking. The Curzons are in great force—Lady Curzon of Kedleston and her little daughters at Mar Castle, and Sir James Miller and his brother-in-law, Mr. F. N. Curzon, in Berwickshire, where with five other guns they bagged on the Twelfth itself 128 brace of grouse. Less fortunate was the Duke of Atholl, who, with an even larger party of friends, made only forty-six brace, but it should be added that they were not out for nearly so long a time. Lord Willoughby de Eresby, shooting over the Dalelathic Moor, shot with his friends eighty-five brace. The Duke and Duchess of Sutherland are not yet at Dunrobin, but some of the first boxes of grouse to leave Scotland were addressed to her Grace at Lilleshall.

Everyone's ambition seems to be to obtain a moor bordered or traversed by a salmon-river or trout-stream. Many women are tremendously keen about fishing, and the Duchess of Fife sets the example at Mar Lodge. Fishing, by the way, is essentially the kind of sport fitted to a chaperon, and Lady Caroline Gordon-Lennox, the kindly daughter of the Duke of Richmond, who has now chaperoned for a long time Lord March's young daughters, is an expert fisherwoman, as is Lord March's daughter-in-law, Lady Settrington. Fishing is quite an institution among the fairer visitors at Gordon Castle. Mr. and Mrs. G. Harland-Peck are again enjoying excellent sport round Ness Castle.

I hear from Harrogate that the Summer Show of the Ladies' Kennel Association has been quite a brilliant success, and that although, to the grief of all dog-lovers, Queen Alexandra's dogs were, owing to the Royal mourning, withdrawn at the last moment. There were twelve hundred entries, and most of the visitors paid a visit to the Show. Harrogate is becoming quite as popular among fashionable invalids as are certain of the Continental Spas, and just now among others staying there are Lady Sarah Wilson, Lord and Lady Savile, Mr. and Mrs. Claud Lambton, and Lord Greville.

More people than ever are "going to the Bad" this summer and autumn. Literally crowds have followed—or rather, have preceded—the King to Homburg, and I hear that the German Customs have benefited considerably by the dozens of mourning garments made and despatched in haste by the great London ladies' tailors to the various "Bads" where loyal folk are just now performing cures. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, and gentle, kindly Lady "C.-B.," of whom so few people know much, are, as always, faithful to Marienbad. Other politicians have discovered Lord Rosebery's favourite "Bad," Bad-Gastein," one of the loveliest spots in the Tyrol. Aix-les-Bains, in addition to its Royal habitué, King George of Greece, rejoices in the presence of Miss Ellen Terry and Lady de Grey. Carlsbad is as full as ever, but, of course, for the present Homburg will be the goal of a good many people whose one idea of a change is to be in the middle of things.

#### NEW ENGAGEMENTS.

The new engagements are really exciting, especially that of Mr. Herbert Gladstone, most confirmed of bachelors, to the daughter of one of his father's toughest opponents, Sir Richard Paget. Miss Dorothy Paget is very clever and very pretty, and mainly interested in politics. I hear that the marriage will probably be celebrated in St. Margaret's, Westminster, where so many great political weddings have taken place. The future Mrs. Gladstone's namesake, Lord Alfred Paget's granddaughter, has also just become engaged to Captain Balfour, the good-looking brother of Mrs. Alfred Lyttelton, who is, of course, no relation to "J. A. B." Lord Donoughmore, the youthful Irish Peer who did so well when Secretary to Sir Henry Blake in Hong-Kong, is engaged to a pretty heiress, Miss Elena Grace.

#### MUSICAL NOTES.

#### QUEEN'S HALL PROMENADE CONCERTS.

HAVE spoken of Mr. Newman's efforts to improve the already brilliant orchestra of Queen's Hall, and I learn from that enterprising gentleman that the Promenade orchestra which commences operations on the 24th inst. will be a finer body of instrumental performers than any hitherto engaged at Promenade Concerts. There will be new soloists, who will play frequently, and, under Mr. Wood's able direction,



MISS LILY HANBURY AS MARITA IN "A ROYAL RIVAL." Photo by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Buker Street, W.

the classical selections will be particularly fine. Altogether, the musical standard will be as high as that of the most famous Continental musical centres. Mr. Newman is also offering unusual advantages to Queen's Hall audiences. There will be season tickets for the grand circle and balcony (transferable), and with some reserved for non-smokers, in addition to the Promenade season tickets.

#### THE CHANCES OF NATIVE COMPOSERS.

A discussion has arisen respecting the chances of coming composers. For my part. I feel pretty sure that they will have to battle with the same difficulties as of old. Look at the career of Wagner, the great operatic reformer of our time. A quarter of a century ago the "Music of the Future," as it was then called, was greeted with derision. But now Wagner stands at the head of all operatic composers, and every modern musician follows his lead. Yet many a composer having to struggle with the difficulties Wagner encountered would have broken down utterly. The brave Bayreuth musician wrote some of his finest works under discouragements that were heartbreaking. When I saw the clear-cut features and heroic expression of Wagner a few years ago. I felt more deeply moved than when I have gazed at the most renowned military commanders. military commanders.

Some affirmed that Madame Melba would not be heard again until next season. That is an error. I hear she has accepted an engagement to sing at Glasgow on Sept. 10 and 12.

MADAME MELBA.

#### MISS NIELSEN IN GRAND OPERA?

It is just possible that the bright and captivating Miss Nielsen, who was so attractive in comic opera at the Shaftesbury, may next Spring be seen in Grand Opera in London.

#### THE LATE EMPRESS FREDERICK

had great musical taste, but more for oratorio and church music than for operatic works. During her long illness, music was frequently her greatest solace.

#### MUSICAL STUDENTS IN THE FUTURE

will have great encouragement. Mrs. Ada Lomas has endowed fifteen scholarships at the Royal Academy of Music. The Royal College of

Music is also richly endowed. Talented students have, therefore, every facility. I have known several instances where promising students unable to pay high fees for lessons have received the most generous aid from the authorities of the above institutions.

#### A LAUGHABLE SUGGESTION

has been made for next opera season. A musical correspondent proposes to have a night set apart occasionally for representing the last Acts of famous operas, as, owing to their frequently commencing at or near midnight, there are thousands who have never heard the final Acts of many famous operas.

#### MISS BESSIE PALMER,

who was a popular vocalist nearly half a century ago, is writing a volume of memoirs and musical recollections. Many of her anecdotes of great musicians and famous vocalists should be very interesting.

#### MISS BLANCHE HUBBARD.

It is not often that German audiences appreciate English vocalists or instrumentalists. But a lady violinist, Miss Blanche Hubbard, performing recently at a Students' Concert at Leipzig, made such an impression that she has been engaged for a concert-tour through Germany. The German musical critics speak in the highest terms of Miss Hubbard's talent. Her tone is purely hard, and have a recent position with a proportion of the statement of the speak in the highest terms of Miss Hubbard's talent. Her tone is pure and broad, and her execution quite remarkable. She is coming to London next season, I understand.

#### MR. J. P. Sousa and His Famous Band

will come to England in the autumn. They will give a concert at the Albert Hall on Oct. 30, and will also play at the Glasgow Exhibition.

### "A ROYAL RIVAL."

That enormously popular romantic actor and splendid elocutionist, Mr. Lewis Waller, will make his welcome reappearance on the London stage at the Duke of York's next Saturday as Don César de Bazan in "A Royal Rival," as adapted by Mr. Gerald Du Maurier, son of the late George Du Maurier, the celebrated Punch artist and author of "Trilby"—which piece, by the way, is likely anon to be played by Mr. Tree in Paris. Miss Lily Hanbury will again be the beautiful and



MR. LEWIS WALLER AS DON CÉSAR DE BAZAN IN "A ROYAL RIVAL." Photo by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

sometime bewildered Marita, but Mr. William Mollison's part of the King of Spain is to be played by Mr. Frank Dyall, as Mr. Mollison has dissolved partnership pro tem. Miss Haidée Wright will repeat her beautiful impersonation of the Boy Pedro.

#### MISS LILY BRAYTON.

Rembrandt Supplements a portrait of Miss Lily Brayton, the charmingly graceful and talented young actress who was received with great favour as a captivating Shaksperian heroine in Mr. Tree's magnificent production of "Twelfth Night" at Her Majesty's Theatre. Her Viola was full of girlish naïveté and naturalness, and was, indeed, so fascinating an embodiment of one of the most romantic characters in the realm of comedy as to lead playgoers to indulge in great expectations regarding Miss Lily Brayton's performance in Mr. Tree's forthcoming novelty, namely, Mr. Clyde Fitch's new play, "The Last of the Dandies," which is promised at Her Majesty's in October, at the close of Mr. Tree's present provincial tour.

#### THE MAN IN THE STREET.

A Crown Prince Incognito—Queen Victoria's Great-Grandson—
Sympathy for the Kaiser—Hirst as the Demon Bowler—Lord
Hawke's Birthday - Present—
Kentish Fire—Mason the AllRound Man—A South African
Victory—An Exhibition to be

begs to tender a very hearty welcome to the Crown Prince of Germany on his first visit to England—at any rate, by himself with his own suite. It is said that the Prince has come over here, as his grandfather did nearly half-acentury ago, to look for a bride, and "The Man in the Street" can wish him nothing better than luck as good as his grandfather's. The regretted Empress who has just passed away was an English bride, and the young Prince will be fortunate if he is as lucky as his grandfather was when he went a-wooing.

A good many of us went to Victoria to see the great-grandson of Queen Victoria arrive in London, and I think that most of us were struck by his likeness to his father. The Prince was dressed in a dark morning-suit, with a black tie, and a crêpe band on his left arm. He wore a billycock hat and brown boots, and cyclists were interested to note that among his luggage was a bicycle in a wicker case. "The Man in the Street" wishes you well, Sir, for your grandmother's and great - grandmother's sakes.

But, besides this, we welcome the young Prince for his father's sake, for "The Man in the Street" has not forgotten how the Kaiser came over to England when Queen Victoria was dving how dutifully

Victoria was dying, how dutifully he attended the funeral obsequies, and how helpful and tactful he was towards the King. Moreover, the Emperor has our warmest sympathy in his late bereavement, and the hearty farewell which we gave to him last February is now continued in the hearty welcome which we give to his eldest son.

There was some extraordinary cricket last week, for the wet played havoc with the pitches, and some elevens which are usually good for a long score went down like ninepins before the bowlers. Essex were completely smashed by Yorkshire, and on their own ground, too. Hirst was the demon bowler of the game, though Rhodes was not to be despised, and in the two innings he took twelve wickets for twenty-nine runs—a really marvellous performance. On any other day, Rhodes' figures—six wickets for thirty-seven runs—would have been a curiosity in themselves.

The Essex batsmen were good men, and A. P. Lucas, the old Cambridge Blue of the 'seventies, McGahey, Carpenter, and Perrin are all men who can handle a bat, but they could do nothing. Yorkshire's score was not much to boast about, as it was only 104; but it was sufficient to win the match in one innings, with thirty-three to spare. Taylor was the only man who made any appreciable mark on the scoring-board. Lord Hawke's merry men made him an acceptable present on his forty-first birthday.

Another most remarkable collapse was that of Somersetshire in the match against Kent. The Western County has some brilliant batsmen, but all they could do was 74 in the first innings and 73 in the second. The cricket was sensational all round, for on the first day Kent made 435 for four wickets, but on the second day all the men were out for 484 Burnup, Hearne, and Mason all scored centuries, but the tail only managed to score thirteen between them. Braund and Cranfield divided the wickets, but Daniell was the Somerset hero, for he caught out no fewer than five Kentish men.

When Somerset went in, they fared as badly as did the tail of the Kent eleven. The two innings showed what a wonderful all-round cricketer J. R. Mason is, for he bowled four wickets in the first innings and eight in the second. He is probably the best amateur bowler now playing, and his 143 shows that he is one of the best bats. When he and Burnup were together they played splendid cricket, and when he went on to bowl he mowed down the Somersetshire wickets in first-rate style.

Last week-end was fruitful in single-innings defeats, for the South Africans made hay of Gloucestershire at Clifton and won by an

innings and 105 runs. Even the great Jessop did not come off, and the County made a poor show with totals of 40 and 89. Paish did well to take six wickets, but that is all that can be said. W. Shalders made the best score—90—for the South Africans; and Sinelair, who took seven wickets in Gloucestershire's first innings and six wickets in the second, was decidedly the hero with the ball.

"The Man in the Street" has a word of advice to offer to those readers who are in doubt where to put in a holiday. They cannot do better than go to Glasgow, where the Exhibition has been magnificently successful. Last year, thousands of Englishmen went across to Paris to see an Exhibition the most elaborate on record. This year they can do our old friend Sandy a turn by going North to a show which is most deservedly popular, and redounds to the credit of Glasgow. Those who go for business will find all that they want at the stalls, while those who go simply for pleasure will find the Scotsman not so "dour" as he is represented. "Advance, Glasgow!" says "The Man in the Street" in all sincerity.



THE CROWN PRINCE OF GERMANY, A WELCOME VISITOE TO ENGLAND.

From a Photograph taken about a year ago by Schaarwächter, Berlin.

# COMELY QUARTETTE AT THE STRAND.

The reappearance of Mr. Arthur Williams on the stage after his regretted illness, and the laughter this admirable comedian evoked in Mr. Eille Norwood's droll play, "The Noble Art," at the Strand, were noted in last week's Number. Mr. Curzon's present Company at the

Mr. Curzon's present Company at the Sketch with much pleasure presents their work, as well as so attractive in their appearance, that The Sketch with much pleasure presents their portraits on another page.

Miss Hilda Trevelyan, by the way, was last seen in London in Mr. Pinero's excellent play, "Trelawny of the 'Wells.'" Since then, she has been "starring" as Babbie in "The Little Minister" in one of Messrs. Harrison and Maude's Companies. Miss Trevelyan has played this difficult character six hundred and eighteen times!

Mrs. W. Kingdon Clifford, whose novels are so well known to Sketch readers, has just written a new play. She calls it "A Long Duel."

Mr. Willard is considering a site near Piccadilly Circus for the building of the new theatre which he has so long hoped to secure for himself. He is just back from the Vosges, whither he went a few days ago to hear Mr. Louis Napoleon Parker read three Acts of the new play he is writing for him. Mr. Willard says it is already a fine play, and that in it he will play the personage who afterwards became Pope Leo X.



MISS NINA SEVENING

AS MARY ANSTELL IN THE DIVERTING COMIC OPERA OF "THE SILVER SLIPPER," AT THE LYRIC THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BASSANO, OLD BOND STREET, W. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BASSANO, OLD BOND STREET, W.

#### LAST LONDON POST.

A BELLE FRANCE has our warmest sympathy in the sad loss she has experienced (in common with the whole musical world) through the death of M. Audran, the famous composer of delightfully champagney comic opera, at Tierceville last Saturday night. We cannot be too grateful in their lifetime to men of genius like M. Audran, who freely gave us of his best, and charmed audiences throughout the universe with such sparkling works as "La Mascotte," "Olivette," "Miss Helyett," and "La Poupée"; and we cannot cherish too highly the memory of such gifted men.

"Vive Garin!" That was the cry in the Paris Vélodrome last Sunday, as the dexterous native of Roubaix leapt freshly from his cycle, winner of the greet wheel race from Paris to Breet and back which

winner of the great wheel-race from Paris to Brest and back, which

distance he covered in fifty-two hours.

The King's business-like speech proroguing Parliament duly read by Royal Commission on Saturday afternoon, the Lords and Commons—all that was left of them in town—dispersed cast and west, north and south, for their much-needed holidays.

There was an impressive military wedding at St. George's, Hanover Square, on Saturday afternoon; twenty-eight non-commissioned officers and men of the "Blues" lining the porch and the aisle in honour of Captain Villiers, on the occasion of his marriage to Lady Victoria Alexandrina Innes-Ker, whose uncle, Lord Tweedmouth, gave her away.

Lord Halsbury, our vigorous Lord Chancellor, spends the first part of his vacation at Homburg.

The sad news reached London from British Columbia on Monday that the steamer Islander had been wrecked by collision with an iceberg, and that sixty lives were lost.

Mr. Frank Curzon has suddenly decided to produce "Becky Sharp" at the Prince of Wales's next Tuesday week, instead of to-morrow (Thursday).

By their victory over Essex in so sensational a manner, thanks to Hirst's bowling, Yorkshire have made sure of retaining the County

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Championship, and more than ever the Melbourne Cricket Club will regret that the two bowlers who have done so much to attain this object regret that the two bowlers who have done so much to attain this object will not be included in the team that is being organised by Mr. MacLaren to visit Australia. Rhodes is a long way ahead of any other bowler both in the matter of wickets and average. Hirst comes next to him in both respects, and few who witnessed his efforts on the 15th inst. will deny that he made the most of his opportunities. The flight of the ball completely nonplussed the Essex batsmen. Of individual performances that have happened this season, none can very well surpass that of K. S. Ranjitsinhji. His two consecutive innings, realising together 495 runs, form an event which probably has never been surpassed, taking everything into consideration. On Saturday the Indian Prince stood at the top of the batting averages, being just ahead of Mr. C. B. Fry. Those who saw his recent batting exploits must be of Mr. C. B. Fry. Those who saw his recent batting exploits must be

of Mr. C. B. Fry. Those who saw his recent batting exploits must be more than ever convinced that no cricketer ever possessed a greater variety of strokes or batted in a style more attractive to the spectator at cricket who really understands the game.

"The Honourable Member," by Stuart Ogilvie, is to be produced at the Court Theatre early in September, with Mr. Fred Kerr in the title-rôle, and Miss Ellis Jeffreys as leading lady, naturally the one with whom the Hon Member eventually falls in love. There are twenty-two whom the Hon. Member eventually falls in love. There are twenty-two characters in the cast, and many thinking parts, and amongst those already rehearsing are Miss May Harvey, Miss Griffin, Miss Alice Denvil, Miss Lucie Milner, Miss Nancy Price, Mr. Julius Knight, Mr. W. Anson, Mr. Stanley Cooke, and Mr. R. C. Herz.

It is certain (writes a correspondent) that Lord Kitchener's proclamation anent the Boers and the War is the outcome of Lord Milner's visit to this country. Indeed, it was the real object of the latter's "holiday." The document was drawn up about six months ago, when the rough draft was sent to London by Lord Kitchener. The High Commissioner wanted a rest, and Mr. Chamberlain in the nicest way suggested that a conference at the Colonial Office would meet all ends. So it came about. The foolish legend that Lord Kitchener and Lord Milner are not in accord is one which could have been devised only by Dr. Leyds. As a matter of fact, I can state with authority that Lord Kitchener, Lord Milner, and Mr. Chamberlain are resolved on one policy. and that is to end the War as speedily as possible with the strongest measures possible. A fourth and mighty power is of their way of thinking, but his name may not officially be brought into the matter.

Lord Cromer is the guest of Mr. Thomas Baring at Strathmore, Caithness, until Sept. 20. The second title selected by the Earl of Cromer, that of Viscount Errington of Hexham, is said to have been chosen out that of Viscount Errington of Hexham, is said to have been chosen out of compliment to his late wife, daughter and co-heiress of Sir Rowland Errington, eleventh Baronet of Sandhoe, Hexham. Seven miles northwest of Hexham there is a ruined Border peel called Cocklaw Tower, which was the residence of the Erringtons from 1372 to 1567. In one room there are traces of fresco painting, an unusual feature in towers of this kind. Not far away is the Northumbrian hamlet of Errington, on the Erringhun, from which the family took its name. Early in the reign of Elizabeth the Erringtons came into possession of Beaufront Castle, Hexham, and settled there succeeding the Carnabys. Beaufront Castle, Hexham, and settled there, succeeding the Carnabys. This place is connected with the fortunes of the Earl of Derwentwater. Sandhoe adjoins Beaufront on the east in a landscape of great loveliness. It is built in the Elizabethan style, and has a small theatre.

The Grand Duke Michael and the Countess Torby have proved once The Grand Duke Michael and the Countess Torby have proved once more what thoroughly kind, good-natured folk Royal personages generally are. His Imperial Highness and his lovely wife, while occupying their villa at Cannes, naturally hear something of the perennial waiters' grievance, and the Grand Duke is Patron of the excellent Friedrich-Franz Home for Waiters, which has its being at Cannes. Quite recently the Grand Duke attended the Annual Congress of German Hotel Proprietors—a truly powerful body, in order that he might say a good word for his friends the waiters!

Dinard is becoming quite an English resort, and the famous Breton plage is thought to bring good luck to American heiresses, so many Anglo-American engagements have taken place at one or other of the fine villas which line the pretty beach. The Duke of Manchester first met his future Duchess at a fancy ball given by Mrs. Hughes-Hallett at the Villa Monplaisir. The young lady came as "Edna May," the Duke as "a bather." Among those who are at Dinard instructively as a series of the series Dinard just now is Lady Anglesey, beautiful as ever, her fair moonlight beauty set off by innumerable strange, rare gems. Miss Aimée Lowther, content to rest on her fencing laurels—she is said to be the best lady fencer in the world—adds brightness and sparkling wit to every party at which she is present. Mrs. J. Singer, one of the few pretty American millionairesses who still love France even better than Great Britain, gives Dainty Dinard a foretaste of coming fashions, and she is already wearing the becoming eighteenth-century or Trianon modes, which are, one hears, to be soon the only wear.

By the kind permission of the Duke of Norfolk, who as ex-Postmaster-General and Yeoman has shown that a splendid capacity for business is not incompatible with sterling military aptitude, a series of tactical exercises will be held near Arundel, extending from the 30th inst. till Sept. 9. Major-General H. Hallam-Parr, C.B., the popular Commander of the South-Eastern District, was the initiator of the scheme, and he will also act as Chief Umpire. The camp of the little army—Horse, Foot, and Artillery—will be formed in the lovely park of the famous Sussex Castle.

## SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.

The Sovereign's Sojourn in Germany.

Particularly sad was the commencement of the Sovereign's

present sojourn in Germany. King Edward has often had occasion to act as mourner since the day when, as a lad of eighteen, he represented his august mother at the funeral of the late Prince Consort, but never, save on the sad, bright winter's day 1901 we all remember, has His Majesty gone through a greater ordeal than that of last week.

Two Imposing Ceremonies.

According to those who were present, the

funeral service held at Cronberg was even more imposing than the last scene of all, a very curious and striking feature being the contrast between the veiled, crape-enveloped figures of the Queens and Princesses and the brilliant uniforms worn by their husbands, sons, and brothers His Majesty King Edward VII. was clad in the becoming pale-blue uniform of the Prussian Dragoons. The Kaiser chose a Hussar full dress, of which a feature is a wide mantle worn thrown back over the shoulder. The late Empress took a personal interest in this Hussar regiment, with which she was long officially connected. The ceremony in the Mausoleum at Potsdam was necessarily of a simpler character. The

Empress had a peculiar horror of elaborate funeral ceremonies, and she much approved the "Funeral Reform Society," so greatly encouraged, if not actually founded, by the late Duke of Westminster. By her own special order, the funeral cortège



THE LATE EMPRESS FREDERICK, TAKEN IN THE AUTUMN OF 1899. Photo by Voigt, Homburg-vor-der-Höhe.

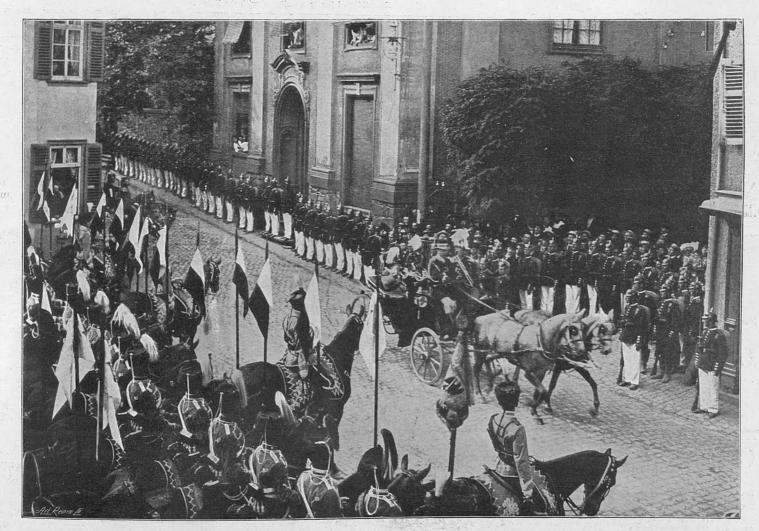
did not go through Berlin, and the last sad rites took place only in the presence of her numerous family. Very touching was the grief of Queen Alexandra, who was devoted to her brilliant sister-in-law, although they had comparatively few tastes in common.

The late Empress Her late Majesty the Empress Frederick was finally laid to rest in the peaceful and beautiful Mausoleum at Potsdam, by the side of her husband's tomb, on Tuesday morning, the 13th of August. Built by herself and dedicated to her devoted and chivalric Consort, the Mausoleum is situated in an exquisite little spot shut in on all sides by tranquil cloisters and sweet, green gardens. Cronberg bade her its last adieu the night before. A touching sight it was indeed (writes the Berlin Correspondent of The Sketch) to note the long line of sorrowing peasant-folk, who really knew and dearly loved their patroness and friend, as they passed in neverending procession through the little Cronberg church where the stately bier lay covered with wreaths and guarded by silent statue-like guards.

> Beloved in Cronberg.

Many a sad and touching story (continues my Berlin Correspondent) is told of the

late Empress's kindness of heart. I will content myself with one of them. On one occasion, the Empress Frederick was visiting a hospital when she noticed a poor woman weeping bitterly as she paced up and down the corridor outside one of the wards

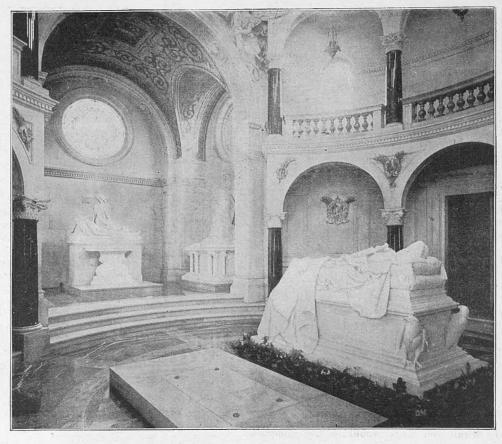


OBSEQUIES OF THE EMPRESS FREDERICK AT CRONBERG: KING EDWARD AND THE EMPEROR WILLIAM DRIVING TO THE CHURCH FOR THE MEMORIAL SERVICE.

with a screaming baby in her arms. She immediately went up to the woman and inquired what her trouble was. The answer was that the husband and father was lying at the door of death in the ward, and that the mother wanted to be at his bedside before he died and receive his last instructions about the children and what she should do after his death. He, however, being in the last stage of weakness, could not bear the noise of the baby crying, and therefore the poor wife was obliged to remain away from her husband's side. The Empress, without saying a word, took the baby in her arms and motioned to the woman to go immediately and remain with her husband till the end.

In Berlin, however, the late Empress Frederick was little known Certainly, any stranger to Berlin at the time of her death

would have realised this immediately. Except for the numerous flags hanging half-mast from the public buildings, there was no sign whatever that there was a death in the Royal Family. Compulsory prohibition by the Emperor of all festivity in the shape of theatre-going, concerts, music-halls, bands of music at restaurants, served to create a feeling of sullen discontent rather than any sympathy or real sorrow. No mourning was worn except by members of the services and officials. Ladies went about the town in their brightest colours, and all idea of putting on even



MAUSOLEUM OF THE EMPEROR FREDERICK AT POTSDAM, SHOWING THE PLACE RESERVED FOR THE EMPRESS'S SARCOPHAGUS.

half-mourning for the occasion was conspicuously absent from the minds of all the inhabitants of the German eapital. This may, perhaps, have been partly caused by the stringent measures of the police, rendered necessary by recent infamous Anarchist attacks on Royalty.

Although the season at Homburg has necessarily been somewhat overshadowed by the Empress Frederick's death, King Edward's stay there for a few weeks to take the waters will naturally improve matters, though the Imperial mourning will be respected. Many interesting people are already entertaining in a quiet way.

The Duke of Cambridge, who was deeply affected by the sad event at Friedrichshof, is really "the King of Homburg." His Royal Highness, together with Colonel

FitzGeorge—the latter one of the most faithful Homburg-lovers—has taken up his quarters at the Villa Sundercotter, which is dubbed, for the nonce, "Cambridge House"! The Duke is a great patron of the flower-sellers, for he delights in presenting all the pretty women of his acquaintance—and they are many—with fragrant nosegays, and they, on their side, return the pretty compliment in kind. Accordingly, "Cambridge House" is a veritable bower of sweet-smelling blossoms. The Duke himself chose the component parts of the splendid wreath sent



King Edward (in light uniform) with the Kaiser.

THE FUNERAL PROCESSION OF THE LATE EMPRESS FREDERICK AT POTSDAM.

by him to Cronberg. It was composed of huge white roses and palm-leaves, and Mr. Robert Vyner's was almost identical, with, however, lilies added.

Future Royal Plans.

Although the King will not visit Glasgow, His Majesty is expected to spend the greater part of the autumn in Scotland, partly at Balmoral and partly at Mar Lodge. As the Court will be in the deepest mourning, only the Sovereign's most intimate friends and certain political personages will be entertained at Balmoral, and that only if certain necessary alterations can be made in time for the King to be there himself. Of course, the good people on Deeside are exceedingly anxious that the Royal Castle should be occupied by His Majesty, even if only for a very short time. The late Queen always spent a portion of each spring at Balmoral. This course cannot be followed by the King, who is likely to visit Scotland only during the autumn months of each year.

Queen Alexandra in Denmark.

The Queen will spend some weeks in Denmark, as the guest of her Father, and in company with her two sisters. Her Majesty always enjoys her summer her brief holiday. It is authoritatively stated that Buckingham Palace will be ready for their Majesties' occupation this winter.

The Duke of Cornwall and York as Prince of Wales.

Coronation, and not, as has been announced, at the same time. This will be done in order that the Heir-Apparent and his Consort shall appear at the ceremony in the rank and maintenance of the Prince of Wales, there being no precedent for such in the position of the Duke of Cornwall. As Duke of York, some case could have been found to justify the upholding of the title, but this does not hold good with regard to the more ancient Duchy of Cornwall. Naturally, as Heir-Apparent, the Duke of Cornwall and York would be the immediate attendant of the King, but the Heralds' College is not satisfied that His Royal Highness, in his quality of Duke, has any right to such armorial bearings as would undoubtedly be his as Prince of Wales. Of course, the King could abrogate any such anomaly, but precedent will probably prevail.

Homeward Bound. Another stage in the voyage to Canada and home to England was reached by the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York on the 13th inst. Their Royal Highnesses on that date landed at Durban from H.M.S. Ophir, and, in driving through the streets, received a hearty welcome from, it is estimated, forty thousand persons. News of the mournful event which has again plunged the Court into mourning had already reached the Royal travellers, but did not deter them from proceeding with the ceremonial



THE GRAND DUCHESS OLGA, YOUNGER SISTER OF THE CZAR OF RUSSIA,
AND PRINCE PETER OF OLDENBURG, WHO WERE MARRIED ON AUG. 9.

Photo by Levitsky, St. Petersburg.

tasks allotted to them. The Duke went to Pietermaritzburg on Aug. 14, opened with sailorlike simplicity the new Town Hall in that city, and, in replying to the loyal addresses, did not forget to refer in appreciative terms to the bravery of the Natal Volunteers and the heroic defence of Ladysmith. It is significant of the attachment the natives have for England that the Basuto Chief, Lerothodi, though ill, insisted on

accompanying the Resident British Commissioner to Cape Town to pay homage to the King's son.

Signora Crispi. The large-eyed Liberator of Italy, Signor Crispi, co-worker with King Victor Emmanuel and Cavour and Garibaldi in the emancipation of the sunny land which ever extends hospitable welcome to Englishmen, has been appreciated more justly

since his death has proved he acquired no riches as a Minister of State, but was, on the contrary, a comparatively poor man when he breathed his last. Into his marital relations it is not necessary to inquire. But the accompanying portrait of the wife who mourns his loss will be regarded with interest.

Prince Henri d'Orléans.

A Cosmopolitan writes: "Prince Henri d'Orléans was a remarkable man, not only as a traveller, but as a political expert. I frequently met him at one time, and nothing struck me so much as his singular knowledge of the resources of the British Empire. I verily believe that if he had gone to the Colonial Office and discoursed on this subject, he could have given points to the most permanent of permanent secretaries. Although born in England, he made no secret of his hatred of 'the hereditary enemy of



SIGNORA CRISPI.

Photo by Amato.

of 'the hereditary enemy of
France,' in which respect he was quite different from the Prince Imperial,
who had, poor fellow, conceived a scheme for the perpetual alliance of
Great Britain and France. One of Prince Henri's favourite ideas was
the restoration of Freuch influence in Hindustan. By treaty, Pondicherry
is not allowed to be either fortified or garrisoned beyond police
requirements, but the late Prince had devised a method for evading the
international engagement. In his plan, African complications would
have been taken advantage of, and earthworks of extraordinary strength
constructed in a few weeks. The whole scheme is now in the archives
of the French Ministry of War, and, though Prince Henri is dead, there
can be no doubt but that his method yet lives."

A Notability of Portsmouth.

Among the few men of the present day who have been burned in effigy must be reckoned Mr. E. Emanuel, the well-known dealer in "curios," of the Hard, Portsmouth. Mr. Emanuel objects to the unlimited liquor trade of the historic thoroughfare in which he dwells, and consequently the topers of the district, on a certain Fifth of November, executed him by proxy in front of his premises. Mr. Emanuel smiled as he saw himself converted into a local Guy Fawkes, but he knew that, for a street numbering only twenty-seven houses, he was right in his contention that more than half should not be given over to the liquor trade. Mr. Emanuel is the proud recipient of more personal Royal favour than usually falls to the lot of a tradesman. I do not suppose that any dealer in any line of business has ever been favoured by so many distinguished guests as "E. E." The Empress Frederick was a customer in whom he delighted, because she bore ready testimony to his unerring taste; and the King not only bought the famous Nelson Vase from him, but also entrusted him with the furnishing of the new Victoria and Albert with all its clock and metal ware. On the "King's business," Mr. Emanuel has just returned from Paris loaded with precious things.

A King's Marriage?

It is said that 1902 will witness not only a splendid Coronation, but also a King's marriage. Alfonso XIII. is already older than were many of his ancestors when they assumed the cares and responsibilities of matrimony, and the fact that his elder sister (and heiress), the Princess of the Asturias, expects to present her husband with a Prince or Princess in December makes the Spanish people anxious to see their Sovereign safely married. The youthful King's choice is limited to Roman Catholic Princesses, but the Kaiser, who seems to have time for everything, is looking out for a suitable wife for his young "brother."

A Russian Royal
Marriage.

The marriage of the Grand Duchess Olga to Prince
Peter of Oldenburg was solemnised on Aug. 9 with
the usual ceremonial in the presence of the Czar,
the Czarina, the Dowager Czarina, Queen Olga of Greece, Prince and
Princess Waldemar of Denmark, all the Grand Dukes and Grand
Duchesses now in St. Petersburg, and the members of the Diplomatic
Corps. A gala performance which was to have been given at night was
abandoned, owing to the Court mourning for the Empress Frederick.
The same consideration prevented the German Ambassador from being
present at the Court dinner given after the wedding, to which he, as well
as the Ministers of Denmark and Greece, whose Courts are connected
with the Russian Imperial House, had been invited.

"On, Stanley, On!"

The clever boy cartoonist Stanley (writes a Correspondent) daily attracts crowds of admirers on the sands at Yarmouth. Any portrait is to be had for the naming, from Joe Chamberlain's to Kruger's. It was on Epsom Downs that the little artist had the honour of being patronised by



LITTLE STANLEY, THE CARTOONIST, ON YARMOUTH BEACH.

Photo by Temple, Great Yarmouth.

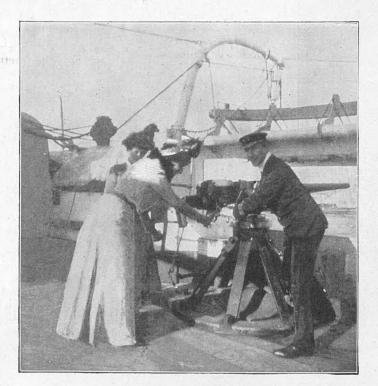
Royalty. The King, then Prince of Wales, noticing the boy sketching his portrait, expressed a wish to see his work, and was so pleased with it that he presented him with a sovereign, which is now worn, with no little pride, pinned on young Stanley's coat.

"Bravo, of the Hamburg-American liner Deutschland'!" Of the Hamburg-American liner Deutschland, which accomplished a recent voyage from New York to Plymouth at an average speed of 23.51 knots, the previous best being 23.38, the German Emperor sent the following telegram of congratulation to the Directors of the line from Gudvangen, Norway: "Bravo, Deutschland! An excellent performance, hitherto accomplished by no ship in the world. Honour to the builders of the oft-proved Vulcan yard! Honour to the crew! May they both carry their glory worthily over the seas! I rejoice that the ship is called Deutschland."

"None but the Brave Deserve the Fair."

It was bad news indeed to the friends of our brave sailors when the Admiralty, on Aug. 5, issued such sudden and unexpected

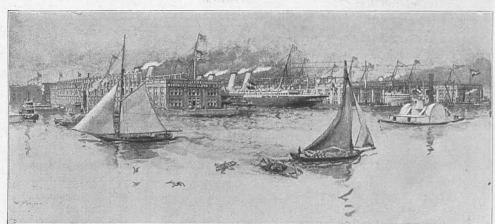
orders to all the naval stations concerned that the manœuvres were finished, and that hostilities were to cease forthwith. Whilst the ships were lying at anchor, hospitality was very liberally extended to visitors, and thousands of holiday-makers, many of whom had



ENGLAND'S DEFENDERS: SLY MANŒUVRES OF "B" FLEET.

perhaps never been on board a battleship before, must have been much struck with their strange surroundings. It is the adaptability of the Bluejacket which has earned for him the sobriquet of the "Handy Man"; therefore, after the guns and various intricacies of the colossal structure of iron and steel have been explained—a duty not to be hurriedly gone through, as my illustration will show—it is time to look out for the evening amusements on deck, which generally attract a large audience, when the best comic singers of the ship's crew gifted with the talent of musical mimicry give an illustration of their powers. In the piping times of peace it is difficult to realise what a deep significance one of these warships has in our national life. I wonder how many people at the present moment realise the full extent of our dependence upon keeping command of the sea, not for wealth and prosperity alone, but for the absolute necessaries of life!

The America Cup. Shamrock II. arrived safely at New York on Aug. 12, and the excitement over the present contest seems quite as keen as in 1851, when the America beat the then famous Aurora in a race around the Isle of Wight, and bore off the Queen's Cup of the Royal Yacht Squadron Regatta, much to the consternation of the yachting fraternity at Cowes. This first race fifty years ago furnished our yachtsmen with an opportunity of "realising," as our Transatlantic brethren would say, what those same dwellers beyond the ocean can do affoat in competition with ourselves. None doubted that the America was a very fast sailer, but her powers had not been measured by the test of an actual contest. Therefore, when it became known that she was entered among the yachts to run for the Cup, the most intense interest was manifested by all classes, from the highest to the humblest, and even Queen Victoria and the Court felt the influence of the universal curiosity which was excited to see how the stranger would acquit herself on that occasion. Although there have been already ten different attempts to wrest the Cup from our cousins, all have failed, and the coveted trophy remains



THE NORTH GERMAN LLOYD'S NEW PIER AT HOBOKEN, NEW JERSEY: RECORD-BREAKING "DEUTSCHLAND" IN DOCK.

in the possession of the New York Yacht Club. Whether we shall succeed on this occasion time will show. Sir Thomas Lipton's beautiful Shamrock II. is the extreme development of the modern racing machine. Seaworthiness is conformed to only in so far as it will not exercise a retarding influence on the yacht's passage through the water, speed having to be attained by any means short of contravention of the racing rules. The Americans have at present two defenders in the field—the Constitution and the Columbia. Captain Sycamore is of opinion that the latter is the better boat, and he thinks the Committee should select her to race Shamrock II. There is, however, one condition, apart from sheer luck, which will have more influence upon the failure or success of the challenger than all the other factors put together, and that is the weather.

"Sandal Shoon." If the present craze holds, it will certainly not be long before we walk backwards through the centuries and become a nation of sandal-wearers, like the ancient Greeks and Romans. If you pay your money, you may indeed take your choice of being shod in the fashion of Rome or of Greece. In the former case, you have a little protecting piece covering the great toe, while in the latter there is no protecting piece, but a thong starts from the division between the great toe and the next, giving a decidedly more artistic effect. It is not only the children of the family who have been thus peremptorily made to discard the boot which ignores the shape of the feet in favour of a so-called fashionable shape, to beget corns, bunions, and other abominations; for their fathers and mothers who are on holiday bent in regions where rest and pleasant laziness rather than fashion are to be the order of the day have also taken to the new foot-gear. Nor with the waning of summer will sandals be discarded, for those who have worn them in winter aver that, while there is nothing so cool in the summer as bare feet sandal-shod, so there is nothing so warm in winter as woollen-socked feet similarly protected. In the craze for hygiene, we are gradually proving that the ancients knew more about clothing than we have learned in thousands of years; and by the time next summer comes we may see children running about at the seaside clad wisely and well in peplum and chiton.

Usually shrewd, wide-awake men, the Directors of Miss Ida Mann. Opera and Comic Opera in London do not need advice as to the best recruiting-ground for singers of talent. did, I should recommend them to attend the concerts and dramatic performances of our foremost Colleges of Music, where plenty of material



MISS IDA MANN AS MIGNON. Photo by London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.

may be found to form a good stock company of well-trained vocalists, and an excellent orchestra into the bargain. One exceptionally accomplished lyric artist is here portrayed. Miss Ida Mann, a prepossessing student of the Royal Academy of Music, gifted with a fresh, sweet voice of very pleasing quality, distinguished herself recently by her sympathetic performance of the part of Mignon, in Ambroise Thomas's melodious opera, at the Globe Theatre, the experienced conductor being Mr. Gilbert H. Betjemann. Miss Ida Mann Betjemann. Miss Ida Mann has studied singing with advantage under Mr. Richard Cummings, and elocution-too often neglected-under Miss Annie Child. It may be an omen of success—I sincerely wish it may be—that Miss Ida Mann made her first appearance in opera at the Globe Theatre, which was managed for some vears by her elever cousin, the late Mr. H. J. Montague.

The young men on the Treasury The Young Ministers. Bench who did best during the Session just closed were Lord Stanley Mr. Austen Chamberlain. Both have been well trained by their

fathers. It was formerly supposed that Lord Stanley was only good at the making of Lobby arrangements. He has shown, however, Parliamentary tact and much skill in the management of members. It is greatly to Mr. Austen Chamberlain's credit that, although his father is so much disliked by the Opposition, he has contrived to do the work of Secretary to the Treasury with smoothness and success. He is painstaking and industrious, and he is also courteous and good-tempered. The House likes him.

The most tiresome member in the House of Bores of the Commons in the late Session was the melancholy Session. Session. Mr. Dillon. He spoke on every subject with the same superlatives, and at his first "monstrous" the House groaned inwardly. Then there was Mr. Flynn with his "I repeat, sir, I repeat," and his malapropisms. When he was about to misapply a phrase which had caught his fancy he paused. His latest effort

THE "SHAMROCK II." AT THE AZORES, EN VOYAGE TO NEW YORK.

of genius was to describe a clause as "euphonious." He meant that its real meaning was concealed.

One of the wittiest sayings of the Session was A Bore Recruit. Colonel Saunderson's remark that Mr. O'Mara had "bore-d his way to distinction." Mr. O'Mara is a champion obstructive. He has taken lessons from Mr. Dillon, and, whenever the Nationalist Party desired to consume time and provoke the Closure, they put him up. Though prone to indulge in philippics, the Irish Nationalist members should have been spared the aspersions the *Globe* sought to cast upon them, thereby necessitating the appearance of the Editor and Publisher at the Bar of the House last Friday to apologise for the offence.

Miss Marie Dainton.

and English tour, and after her successful London re-entry at the Apollo in "The Belle of Bohemia," has just returned to her first artistic love, meaning the music-halls. At

Miss Marie Dainton, after her prosperous American

the Tivoli and other popular variety resorts this bewitching brunette is giving a new series of those remarkable mimetic performances have gained her renown in most parts of what Mr. Wilkins Micawber would call "the Habitable Globe." A full account of Miss Dainton's previous professional career appeared in *The Sketch* a few months ago.

The Glasgow folk were much impressed by the State visit which the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs of London paid to the Exhibition. Next to the Lord Mayor and his State carriage, the massive proportions of the coachman and the serenity of his rotund face drew universal applause. There was a luncheon and banquet. The Lord Mayor expressed his satisfaction at his visit to the Trossachs and Loch Katrine, alluded



MISS MARIE DAINTON, THE WORLD'S MIMIC. "STAR" TURN AT THE TIVOLI. Photo by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.

to the prosperity of the Second City of the Empire, and to its great commercial enterprise, in which it was second to no city in the world. Both he and the Sheriffs carried away with them pleasant reminiscences of Glasgow and of the Exhibition, and of the kindness and courtesy received from all. Sir George Chubb, of the London

Committee of the Exhibition, mentioned the gratifying circumstance the other day that already the numbers which had visited the Exhibition (upwards of five millions) more than equalled the attendance at all previous Exhibitions in the Second City.

A Highway-Robbers' House at Richmond.

Many visitors to Richmond Hill know the merry Roebuck Hotel, whence the prettiest view is obtained of that aspect

which the desecrating builder threatens, but few know that this pleasant hostelry used to be the rendezvous of highwaymen. Yet such is the case. When poor Tom MacNee, the famous footballer, son of Sir David, the President of the Scottish Academy, took the house (his widow is still controlling the inn with good taste and courtesy), he came upon a curious concealed treasure of Sheffield plate, and, on inquiry and research, he found that these old candlesticks, tankards, and bowls were part of the proceeds of a highway robbery which had taken place over a century ago.

The thieves met at the Roebuck, and, finding that this portion of the "swag" was not silver, buried it in order to avoid detection. Nowadays Sheffield plate is in high demand; then it ranked in quality very low in the market. Tom MacNee had the hardware cleaned and restored, and, if you happen to look in at the Roebuck, you will see the good stuff " to witness if I lie.'

Palace of the Netherlands, and brought a precious gift to the Queen, who only the

to the Queen, who only the other day was called "Little Wilhelmina." So, at least, the gossips say, and they add that not only throughout the country over which she rules, but throughout the Royal

Palaces of Europe there is a

great deal of stitching going on in order that gifts of delicate embroidery and ex-

quisite lingerie may be offered to the little stranger when

he or she shall arrive. How widespread is the interest in the event, which is not only of national, but of inter-national importance, may be judged from the fact that the chief women in every city in Holland intend to

make some contribution to

the infant's stock, which will,

it is said, number no fewer than six hundred pieces of

clothing. The most expen-

sive present will naturally come from the ex-Queen, who will share the new ex-

perience with her daughter by becoming a grandmother. This is a toilet service of

gold ornamented with the

tulip. The basin, which is

Probably before the dykes in Holland feel the first " Coming touch of frost-possibly, indeed, before November's Events," &c. Events," &c. fogs have had much opportunity of casting a yellow pall over London—the stork, that busiest of birds, will have flown from the purple-tinted land beyond the setting sun through one of the open windows of the Royal

NATIONAL EISTEDDFOD.

HWFA MON, ARCH-DRUID AT THE WELSH The only Photo (by Harris, of Merthyr) ever taken of him in his robes.

large enough to give the baby its bath, is appropriately ornamented in the inside with a waterlily, and the ewer corresponds in its decoration. The little stranger's cradle will be of beaten silver-work, with the arms of Holland and of Mecklenburg-Schwerin on the sides, while at the foot is a little cupid, and surmounting the head is an angel with outspread wings.

A Haven of Rest. The photograph I reproduce below is the official residence of Lord Kitchener in Pretoria, and is quite one of the handsomest houses in the town. It is lit by electric light, sumptuously furnished possesses a billiard-room and conservatories, and, with trim parterres and smooth-shaven lawns, with fountains playing in their midst, it must be a haven of rest in non-working hours to the hardest-worked man in South Africa. Notice the stalwart guard of Cameron Highlanders.

Commend me to the Great Eastern Railway for Route to Cromer. Route to Cromer. tempting holiday guides. A notable example of elegance in illustration is supplied in the serviceable "Annotated Time-Tables by the Cromer and Mundesley Expresses"—a gem of a cheap handbook to be obtained at the Great Eastern terminus, Liverpool Street. This is just the chatty guide you need to the towns between London and Cromer on the Great Eastern line.



THE OFFICIAL RESIDENCE OF LORD KITCHENER IN PRETORIA. Photo by Captain G. Davidson, R.G.A.

A word of thanks also for the seasonable sixpenny "Tourist Guide to the Continent," published by The Continental Tourist. the Great Eastern Railway Company at 30, Fleet Street, E.C. I note among its fresh features particulars of the new tours in the Tyrol, express services to Norway, Denmark, and Sweden, vid the royal mail Harwich-Hook of Holland route, of new tours in the Luther country, and Thuringian and Hartz Mountains, a series of Continental maps, and a chapter, "Dull Useful Information," giving particulars as to the cost of Continental travel.

The painting of the Tower Bridge, for the first Painting the time since its opening, seven years ago, has just been commenced. Some idea of the magnitude of Tower Bridge. the work may be formed if I mention the fact that twenty-five tons of colour will be required, which, when made up, will amount to fifty-six thousand pounds of paint, besides three hundred gallons of varnish to give it a polish. This is estimated to occupy eighty men for six months, and the cost of it all, I am told, is to be £5000. There is an element of danger in the carrying out of this work upon such parts of the structure as the bascules and the two topmost foot-bridges, a condition of the contract being that there shall be no interruption of the traffic. The contract being that there shall be no interruption of the traine. The sides of these bridges are being done with comparative ease by means of a clever yet simply devised travelling eradle (the "Palmer"), slung by ropes and pulleys upon a wire cable, which can either be raised or lowered or made to run for any length, at the pleasure of the workmen. The painting of the baseules themselves has presented a much more difficult problem. It is intended to use the cradles again, but fixed upon a pivot, and in

It is some-what of a Franco Piper. moot point whether the British public will ever really take the banjo seriously. Together with the concertina, it has ever been more or less looked down upon by musicians as one of the "ugly ducklings" among instruments. During the last two or three years, however, in the London variety theatres especially, there have arisen several Professors of the Banjo who have done much towards raising it from its former despised position, and, with the advent of Mr. Franco

such a manner as to

allow them to main-

tain their horizontal position, irrespective

of the angle at which

they may be elevated.



MR. FRANCO PIPER, THE BANJO EXPERT. Photo by Hana, Bedford Street, Strand.

Piper, the fact that an expert can extract therefrom something more ambitious than a tinkling accompaniment to a plantation song and dance is proved indubitably. Mr. Piper has shown that his pet instrument can give adequate expression to any music, be it classical, operatic, or merely commonplace. In the matter of trick-playing, he is an absolute marvel. He plays two banjoes whilst they are spinning round on their drums at a tremendous rate, the little fingers being used to strike the notes, whilst the others spin the instruments. More wonderful still is the playing of four banjoes whilst juggling with them in the air, a feat that really must be seen and heard to be credited. It took Mr. Piper over two years' incessant practice to perfect this trick. Though born in this country, Mr. Piper was settled in Johannesburg when the present South African War broke out, and it became a case of when the present South African War broke out, and it became a case of turning traitor to his native land or quitting the city. Naturally, he chose the latter alternative, and joined a troupe who were afterwards given passes to the various British encampments and stations. At several of these he was advised to come to London, and, on doing so, leapt into popularity at a bound. Prior to the War, Mr. Piper played the banjo to ex-President Kruger, who, though no lover of music of any kind impressely admired the triple playing. any kind, immensely admired the trick-playing.

A Pretty Ceremony.

A charming little ceremony took place on Wednesday last, when Lady Dundonald, the beautiful, clever wife of the famous General, opened the new rifle-range on Conway Marsh. Lord Dundonald is a great advocate of rifle-range practice, and would like to see ranges established in every large parish in the kingdom. Accordingly, it was only fitting that on this occasion the first shot should be fired by his son and heir, the seven-year-old Lord Cochrane, who, to his great satisfaction, was allowed to keep the rifle as a souvenir.

d'œuvre in hairdress-ing. Miss Henriette Hill is one of the prettiest juvenile Geishas I have seen.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie has already paid the penalty of settling

in Scotland, and has

fallen a victim to the national game. He

plays regularly on his own privategolf-course

on Skibo Links, along the fringe of the Dornoch Firth, and has been President of

the Dornoch Golf Club for three years, in the

affairs of which he

takes a keen interest.

This interest he shows

in a very practical

way-for instance, by giving a golf trophy, which with case has cost £120, and another

£100 to provide a medal annually for the

winner. The trophy is made of sterling

silver in the form of

What a winsome little Japanese lady is seen in the A Dainty Little

A Dainty Little accompanying photograph of Miss Henriette Hill!

How nice she looks, this six-year-old Geisha, in the simono of beautiful silk, adorned with hyacinths! The artist who arranged the little lady's headgear must surely have been a

connoisseur in "cap-illary architecture," for he certainly has accomplished a chef



LATTLE MISS HENRIETTE HILL AS GEISHA. Photo by Hunt, North Kensington.

a Scotch shield, the centre subject being taken from Sir John Gilbert's picture, "Charles I., while playing golf on Leith Links, receiving the news of the breaking out of the Irish rebellion." It is to be competed for at the approaching annual tournament. Glasgow University lately made Mr. Carnegie an LL.D.; now both Aberdeen and St. Andrews Universities are to compete for him as Lord Rector. Mr. Carnegie as a mentor for University youths cannot fail to be wholesome and sensible.

Voyagers by the Queen boat of the New Palace " La Belle Marguerite." Steamers Fleet-a precious public boon for which Marguerite." Steamers Fleet—a precious public boon for which smoke-dried Londoners cannot be too grateful to the indefatigable Director and Manager, Mr. T. E. Barlow—may well be excused if, under the exhibitaring influences of the sea-breezes, they should be induced to exclaim, in the words of Letty Lind's song, "Oh, Marguerite, you can't tell how I love you!" La Marguerite has considerably extended her sphere of operations since I first had the pleasure of going on her successful maiden trip to Boulogne and back in one day. The Tilbury-Boulogne voyage is continued on Mondays and Wednesdays during the season; and, in addition, La Marguerite carries delighted excursionists to Margate on Saturday afternoons, to Ostend and back on Tuesdays, and to Calais and back, calling

at Southend, on Thursdays. As commodious and as handsomely appointed as a good hotel, La Marguerite does you well in the matter of luncheon, tea, and dinner—the well-known names of Spiers and Pond guarantee that; you can have your hair dressed by a floating Truefitt, and every possible luxury and convenience will be found on board. Wherefore *The Sketch* wishes continued and even enhanced prosperity to the New Palace Steamers Line, and to La Marguerite especially.

Prince Henri d' Orléans' Sanctum

In his brief visits to Paris (writes my Correspondent), the late Prince Henri occupied a suite of rooms at the house of his parents, in the Rue Jean Goujon. The most important part of this suite was his study,

a chamber that contains the record of the tremendous activity of this most popular Prince of the Orléans family. It is an unpretentious little room, filled with papers and books and maps—the study of a man who took life seriously. Its only trophies displayed are arms which provided him food in an emergency or saved his life in a perilous adventure. To this modest workroom he came back from his travels laden with notes, and it was here that he meant to stop and work them into coherence, when, as he said, his limbs should become less valiant and his experience wider.

The Prince and the

Prince Henri's visits to Abyssinia were perhaps the African Beauty. most notable of his travels. King Menelik liked the young Prince very much, and Prince Henri returned the admiration without reserve. He said, "The heart of

Africa beats in Abvssinia." It appears that the country is full of reminiscences of the explorer-Prince. They have set apart the white mule he rode, naming him after his master, "The Prince." They even tell a charming little story of how the fairy Prince met the of how the daughter of a petty chief of the country and found her the most perfectly beautiful creature he had ever seen, and how he drew a ring off his hand and placed it upon her finger. The little Abyssinian beauty wears it to this day.

There was a tremendous flutter in the pigeon-cote of the Grande Chartreuse the other day when it was announced that the Dowager-Queen of

MISS MARIE STUDHOLME, THE BEAUTY OF "THE TOREADOR," AT THE GAIETY. Photo by Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.

Portugal, Maria Pia, was coming to pay a visit to the institution. As is well known, women are forbidden to enter this famous monastery. But how to refuse a Queen, if she does not choose to consider herself

a mere woman, and, like other women, according to St. Jerome, "the door of hell and the road to iniquity"? It goes without saying that she was received with all the honours due to her rank by the good fathers. They say the patriotic advocate, Jules Favre, was the last to attempt to smuggle a lady through the consign of the Grande Chartreuse. The lady's disguise was pierced by the fathers, and both visitors were shown percipitately out. This monastery has existed a thousand years, and the women known to have penetrated within may be counted on the fingers of one hand. The monks gain their revenues by making the liqueur which is called after their name.

"LA MARGUERITE" OFF OSTEND. Photo taken from a Belgian Mail Steamer.

The French musician-Prince, Edmond de Polignac, who re-Prince Edmond de Polignac. cently died, was the inventor of a new gamut, a new tonal form, said to be as original as it is daring. Its effect is astonishing. The French Academy of Sciences has made a report upon it, and a concert of his works was given at the Conservatoire last spring. I believe that the critics prefer his choral music. The public admire in particular his oratorio of "Pilate." He wrote an opera, "The Cup of the King of Thule." He and the Princess possessed what every poet dreams of— a Palace on the Grand Canal at Venice. This gifted grandson of the bosom friend of Marie Antoinette was married about ten years ago to an American, Miss Wineretta Singer, whose father inherited millions from sewingmachines. The Singer ladies have had extraordinary fortunes in marriage. Mrs. Singer was by her second marriage the Princess de Camposelice, and



THE DUKE OF LEINSTER,

Who is in his Fifteenth Year, occupied a Seat under the Gallery of the House of Commons before the Close of the Session. He was brought by Sir Howard Vincent, M.P., and Mr. Swift MacNeill, M.P., told him some Thrilling Incidents in the Career of his Great Grand-uncle, Lord Edward Fitzgerald.

Photo by Lafayette, London and Dublin

by a third marriage she is to-day Madame Paul Sohége. The elder daughter is the Princesse de Polignac, and the second daughter was the regretted Duchesse Décases de Glucksberg.

I have seen The Ambigu's Big I have seen no play (adds m y Paris Correspondent) that held an audience so fascinated as did "La Fille du Garde-Chasse," by Fontanes and Decori, on its first night. It has the great advantage that the plot progresses under the most pictures que surroundings. The village fair, with all its wild gaiety and official ceremony, and the superbly mounted scene at the Café Armenonville, were simply introduced to secure a coup d'ail, and were a thousand times more effective than producing an effect by reference or suggestion. The plot is fairly simple. A girl is ruined by a Marquis, who is a coward and a scoundrel in his every act. Her child is adopted by the father and becomes a famous author. He meets his mother, who is the queen of the demi-mondaines, and she falls in love with him without suspecting his identity. But for the talent and finesse of the authors such a situation would have ruined the play, but with remarkable skill they turn it into a most pathetic and human scene. I went behind to congratulate Decori and his

collaborator, Fontanes, but he would not believe that his acting as the gamekeeper was the feature of the piece, and persisted that Suzanne Munte and Villa were entitled to all the honours.

That Navigable Balloon.

I admire Santos-Dumont (continues my Boulevard enthusiast) as the most practical man in the world. He announced an early morning voyage from St. Cloud; but I contented myself with getting to the Tour Eiffel. He certainly got round. A minute later he and his machine were the principal objects hung on an improvised clothes-line from a roof-top. But while we held our breath, the young Brazilian was hard at work, and seemed entirely to forget that he was within an inch of death. He was examining everything, and climbing among the ropes as though possessed of the prehensile tail of the monkey. The first thing that he said when he got down was addressed to myself in excellent English. "It's nothing. The motor is all right, and none of the ropes are destroyed. The screw hit the balloon and tore it. That's all." Then, mentally, I took off my hat to Dumont, and understood what the "ruling passion strong in death" meant.

The Pernod Absinthe Disaster. No one unfamiliar with Paris life can understand the consternation that followed the announcement of the total destruction of the Pernod Absinthe Distillery at Pontarlier. It was regarded in the light of a national disaster, compared with which the death of a President would have been as nothing. Pernod—the ideal of the drinkers of the accursed "vert"—existed no more! It was a catastrophe from their point of view, and the famous absinthe-hour in Paris was as listless as the smile of a kitten that has its tail eaught in a gin-trap.

Art and Automobile.

I notice that Forain, the famous caricaturist, is smashed up again in his automobile. Let me see. I remember noticing Gordon-Bennett signal to him in the Bois de Boulogne. He arrived on the pathway before the machine had time to stop work, and was sent home on a stretcher. Then he started in the great Paris-Berlin race, but got lost. No; artists should avoid the steel horse. Phil May can tell a Richmond experience that makes your blood run cold.

International Postage-Stamp. I have reason to believe that there are negotiations going on between the French and English postal authorities with a view to issuing an international postage-stamp is absolutely a necessity. An international postage-stamp must come.

Two Clever Sisters. The accompanying photographs portray two clever sisters, the Misses Anna and Louie Löwe. The young artists are of Danish extraction, their father being a descendant of Villemos, who fought with Nelson. Mr. Löwe lived in Denmark during the girlhood of Queen Alexandra, and he says it is impossible to describe how her loss was felt when she left to become the bride of the Prince of Wales. The Misses Löwe showed their musical talents very early. Anna has been trained in all the excellent traditions of the Schumann school, and was made an Associate of the Royal College of Music soon after her arrival in this country. Her sister Louie has a mezzo-soprano voice of exceptional range, and she is especially successful in quaint old songs by Haydn and Handel. She is an accomplished musician, and conducts a choir with success.





MISS LOUIE LÖWE.

MISS ANNA LÖWE.

TWO ACCOMPLISHED DANISH SISTERS.

From Photographs by Miss Alice Hughes, Gower Street.



MISS PHYLLIS BROUGHTON, WHO IS PLAYING IN "H.M.S. IRRESPONSIBLE."

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS AND WALERY, BAKER STREET, W.

(NO



## HOW I SOUGHT SOLITUDE—AND FOUND IT.

A TRAGEDY OF THE CORNISH COAST.

For New Readers.—Chippers and I decide to spend a fortnight in a lonely farmhouse on the North Cornish coast. Chapter I. tells of our arrival, soaked to the skin and fagged out. Now you can start fair with the other half-million.

CHAPTER II .- FACES AT THE WINDOW.

THEN I awoke next morning, Chippers was standing at the bedroom window—we had to share a single bed—in his night-shirt. "Hullo!" said I. "What

sort of a day is it?"

"Rather showery," said Chippers, and he opened the window. In a twinkling the full blast of the hurricane bore down upon me. The clothes were whisked off the bed, tied in a knot, and hurled into a corner. A framed almanack just above me was wrenched from its nail and came crashing down on to the pillow within an ace of my head. A pool of water that had collected on the sill outside was swept into the room and found a resting place on and around my newly dried clothing. ... Isn't it?" said Chippers.

I dashed at the window, closed it, and then proceeded to address the fool in Club parlance for upwards of five minutes At the end of that time, the farmer came up and said that, if I wanted anything, I'd only got to look for it.

Chippers, in the meantime, was standing on a chair, trying to see the sea.

"I don't see the sea?" he told the lendlerd.

"I don't see the sea," he told the landlord.

"It's the other side of the house," said the man.
"And how far are we from it?" I asked, vainly striving to prevent my teeth from doing the castanet business.

"About two miles," said the farmer.
"But your advertisement," I expostulated, "says 'close to the sea."

"Two mile ain't fur," said the fellow.

"Two mile ain't fur," said the fellow.
"Can one bathe?" asked Chippers.
"Oh, if yer like!" said the landlord.
"But is it safe?" I asked.
"No, it ain't safe," was the answer.
"Do you think I'll be able to get any Painted Ladies?" asked Chippers, anxiously.
The man lookedat him sternly, but said nothing.
"Never mind him." said I, and I tapped my for

"Never mind him," said I, and I tapped my forchead significantly.

"Oh, ah!" said the landlord.

"What sort of cycling is it round here?" was my next question. "Sir?" said the farmer.

"What are the roads like round here?" I explained.

-Tom B THE HURRICANE BORE DOWN UPON ME

WHAT HEVER'S

THE MATTER ?"

"Much of a muchness," said the landlord.
"Like the one we came by?" I persisted.
"Pretty well," said

the farmer

"Would you mind having your dog shot? Chippers asked politely.

The fellow looked at him again fixedly, then backed towards the door and disappeared.

When he had gone,

Chippers began to dress.
"I don't smell the bacon being cooked," he gurgled, taking his tooth-brush out of his mouth for a moment.

We had ordered bacon

and eggs. "I'll remind them," said, and I shouted down the rickety stairs to say that we should be ready for breakfast in ten

minutes.
When we got down, there were two hard-boiled eggs on the table and lump of cold bacon. Chippers rang the bell and asked for some dry

toast. "I shall have to light the fire again," said the landlady.

" All right," said Chipperscheerfully. "We can wait."

Whilst we were waiting, I put a match to the fire that was laid in our room. In three minutes I couldn't see Chippers

through the smoke that had filled the room. This was unlucky, because, before I could see what he was going to do, he had fought his way to the window and opened it. In far less time than it takes to write, the table-cloth and all that was on it had been swept on to the floor, and four framed certificates of merit—lasting

TRIED TO EXECUTE PIROUETTE.

witnesses to the cunning and duplicity of the farmer's children-had been dashed to the ground

and the glasses smashed to atoms.

"What hever's the matter?" shouted the landlord, bursting into the room.

I pointed to Chippers. "He's got a mania for opening windows," I explained. "I'ut the breakages down to him."

Chippers said never a word, the reason being that he was busy avoiding the dog, which had followed his master into the room.

Breakfast being thus disposed of, we lit our pipes and sat down to watch the rain. The fire had gone out, but the room was still half-full of smoke, so that the tobacco didn't taste

much.
"I suppose there's no chance of getting a

Towards evening, when I had just finished a letter of thirteen pages to a man whom I had only met twice and didn't care for in the least, Chippers gave a wild shout. I started up to prevent him from opening the window, but, for once, he had discovered something worth knowing. It had stopped raining.
"We'll go and look at the sea," said I.

"Yes, and I'll take my net," said Chippers.

The farmhouse lay in a hollow. In front, a deep lane-probably a continuation of the one we had arrived by-led in the direction of the We walked up it, and saw in front of us a field of corn.

"Where's the sea?" said Chippers.

"How do I know?" I replied, peevishly.

The little man sighed, climbed a gate, and dropped into the cornfield. I followed. In ten minutes we were wet through up to the waist, and there was still no sign of the sea. I said I thought we had better go back and have some gruel.

"Nonsense!" said Chippers. "You can't catch cold in fine air like this. Don't you feel how bracing it is?" And he tried to execute a pirouette in the midst of the standing corn.

"Hi, there!" yelled a voice behind us, and, turning, we saw the farmer in the roadway, beckoning us vigorously with one hand and holding his dog back with the other.
"He would go," I panted, when we had plunged our way back.

"Charge the crop to him."

"I'll buy the dog," said Chippers, "if you'll shoot him."

"He don't like yer," said the farmer, "and that's a fact! What were yer doin' in the field?"

"We were looking for the sea," said I.

"Yer can't get to it that way," said the farmer. "Yer must go round by the road."

"How far would that be?" asked Chippers, shivering in his wet clothes in spite of the bracing air.

"A matter of five mile," said the

farmer.

We followed him back to the house. (To be Continued.)





YOUNG HOPEFUL: PA, MAY I HAVE THE WISHBONE?

#### TO AUSTRALIA AND BACK BY SAIL.

BY LIEUTENANT STUART D. GORDON, R.N.

OSE all ready, sir! Hurry up! Bath-screen just coming down!" It is with some such words as these that one is awakened-from a usually dreamless slumber-most mornings out of the fourteen or so weeks' passage to Melbourne in the good ship Illawarra. And to those who have never enjoyed the luxury



OCEAN TRAINING-SHIP, "ILLAWARRA."

of standing on a ship's deck, stripped to the skin, in the crisp morning air, while crisp pure, cool sea-water is pumped over one from the poop above, to such it may be said the true delight and invigorating qualities of a shower-bath are as yet unknown. Your douche over, by halfpast seven you are dressed, and then on deck for a constitutional promenade.

And first a word as to apparel appropriate to a trip such as this. None but the simple goes to sea with any other thought, in this connection, than that of wearing out his oldest clothes. True, down South-running down the Eastinggarments of a slightly warmer texture are required, but for the greater part of the voyage, both out and

home, Nature's own envelope of this too solid flesh, would common convention but consent, will be found ample covering by he who essays a trip such as this short article relates to. In actual practice, however. flannels, light serges, or ducks are more customary, and, in the breeze that

is nearly always blowing, the most comfortable.

Now a word as to the vessel herself. She, the *Illawarra*, and the *Macquarie*, are steel clippers, each close upon 1900 tons register— 3700 tons burden. Both of them make the yearly trip to Australia and back; the first-named to Melbourne, going round the Cape of Good Hope both out and home, whilst the Macquarie, bound for Sydney, traverses the same route on the outward passage, returning by way of the Horn. Both ships belong to the old-established firm of Devitt and Moore, who, in this direction, are doing a good work by carrying on the system—initiated by Lord Brassey—of training midshipmen at sea instead of in harbour school-ships. Navigation (theoretical and practical), nautical astronomy, and, in short, all knowledge necessary for their advancement in the mercantile marine, are taught the young gentlemen sailing in these ships. The instructor carried is, generally speaking, an officer of the Royal Navy, the number of pupils in his charge averaging between thirty and forty each voyage. Four hours each



CROSSING THE LINE SPORTS: OBSTACLE RACE, OVER THE SAIL AND UNDER THE NET.

Photo by C. Maitland

week-day (with Saturday half-holiday) are allotted to study, one hour three times a-week to rifle and cutlass drill and field exercise, the remainder of the pupils' watches on deek being employed in the actual working of the ship-making and shortening sail, trimming the yards, &c. It is scarcely necessary to indicate how superior is this system of training for young officers to the more generally known plan of teaching subjects of an eminently practical nature in a manner and under conditions necessarily more or less theoretical.

Interesting, doubtless, as the above information may be to many, perhaps what may be termed the more personal phase of the subject will prove to the general reader more entertaining. It may, indeed, come as a surprise to some to learn that, in these days of steam, saloon passengers are still carried in sailing-vessels—twenty-four in the *Illawarra*, sailing from London at the end of September every year, and six only in the Macquarie, leaving each July. And should the reader of these lines be in search of an absolutely unique method of killing time, sitting down while watching it literally "pass away" before his eyes, let him at once proceed to secure his cabin on board the Mawarra for her next "round trip," as it is called, to Australia and back by sail.

As to the life on board, it mostly consists of "lazing." Here, as a passenger, the brain-fagged or otherwise run-down one may experience (in a limited degree) the realisation of the old lady's blissful conception of Heaven; for while on board he will have "to do nothing for ever and ever." Not but that he may find plenty to do if he so please. For example, should he turn out at half-past five, the Chief Officer will be delighted to enlist his services at scrubbing decks, supplying the broom gratis. After his matutinal tub, too, he may lend a hand at spreading the awnings; and then, having breakfasted, there are always ropes to be hapled on sails to be set or taken in header the delighted. ropes to be hauled on, sails to be set or taken in, besides the daily work of the ship, to most of which he can apply himself. Going aloft is a

pastime indulged in by all landsmenpresumably by reason of its novelty; and of this the ever-watchful middy is right glad, the time-honoured custom of chalking the soles of the novice, with its concomitant penalty, still being the recognised method of "paying one's footing.

Making mention of old sea-customs, a plan far preferable to the historic Neptune farce in celebration Crossing the Line is the institution of athletic sports on board ship. This programme is invariably followed Illawarra, officers and passengers alike sub-



scribing just as much or little as they please towards 'the prizes which are duly awarded the winners of the several events. A small portion of the Obstacle Race "course" is shown in the accompanying in the several events. illustration: the sail suspended to the skids (in the background of the picture) has first to be scrambled over by the competitor, who then has to crawl under the net.

For everyday amusements, concerts and suchlike entertainments are frequently organised. Reading, obviously, may be made to fill up a good deal of time; and a liberal supply of light literature should be taken. The saloon piano, also, helps to enliven a voyage which, without these outside resources, might become monotonous, for it is given to but a few to find infinite satisfaction in the contemplation of their own

On the voyage out, no intermediate port is called at, but on the homeward passage a stay of three or four days is made at St. Helena. The "round trip" usually occupies from seven to eight months, and as, during the whole period, both days and nights are spent practically in the free open air of heaven, good results to health cannot but follow. One last word on that important item, the commissariat. When it is said that between thirty and forty live sheep, half that number of pigs, coops upon coops of fowls, ducks, and geese, are carried, one can scarcely complain if the catering is not exactly equal in style and standard to that of the Cecil.

Mrs. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps has written a sequel to her remarkably popular book, "The Gates Ajar," entitled "Within the Gates." This will be published serially in McClure's Magazine.

M. Spoelbach de Lovenjoul, the famous Balzac authority, has consented to the publication of Balzac's unfinished romance, "Entre Savants." It is said that St. Hilaire and Cuvier are evidently portrayed in the main characters of the novel.

## "THE TALK OF THE TOWN," AT THE STRAND THEATRE.



MISS HILDA TREVELYAN, WHO PLAYS WINIFRED TIVERTON.

Photo by Langfler. Old Bond Street, W.



MISS RUTH MACKAY, WHO PLAYS TILLY DU VAL.

Photo by Edwards, Hyde Park Corner, S.W.



MISS LYDIA BUSCH, WHO PLAYS GERTIE FULLALOVE.

Photo by McLucas and Co., Llanetly.



MISS AURIOL LEE (GERTIE GOLIGHTLY IN "NEWSPAPER NUPTIALS"),  $\textit{From $\alpha$ Photo.}$ 

AT THE CASINO.

IEN N' VA PLUS!" exclaims the magisterial Starter of the "little horses" as they begin to race round the small circular table covered with green cloth.

Signal for the flinging of the final lot of franc and five-franc pieces on the numbered squares of the three adjoining tables, and for the lines of



A DIEPPE POST-CARD.

silver-gamblers seated round to rivet their gaze on the nine leaden horses

shiver-gambiers seated round to river their gaze on the fille leaten horses speeding swiftly over the miniature course. Which will win?

"Numéro cinq!" shouts the Starter. Horse labelled No. 5 stops nearest the goal, and my guide, philosopher, and friend, who had planked five francs on square 5 (quite generously, to show me how the thing was worked) gathers up the twenty-five francs the croupier pushes towards him with his rake.

But the table always gains in the long run. Hence, though my companion's winnings amount to three pounds in the course of the evening, every franc is lost before we leave the gay saloon of les petits chevaux, which have at least this merit, that they always give you a run for your money, as none is ever "scratched" for the race round the

green board, which seems peculiarly fascinating to hosts of fair gamblers.

Dieppe Casino, of which the "little horses" are among the great attractions, is a handsome monument of the enterprise of M. Bloch, who, in his own stalwart, athletic figure and ruddy, cheerful face, offers convincing testimony to the salubrity of the soft sea-air on the beautiful coast of Normandy. Dieppe is, indeed, much indebted to the liberality of M. Bloch. He built the graceful and perfectly safe Municipal Theatre, where light pieces are played to admiration by the best touring Paris Companies. He expended £20,000 in the construction of the new Marine Parade between the Casino and the Jetty, and the elegant Casino itself, admirably managed, yields a rich variety of amusements for all tastes. Thus, lawn-tennis and croquet can be played on the grass-plots set apart for those games. The leading papers of Europe can be seen in the spacious Reading-Room. There is a select Cercle. Classic concerts and dances for children and for adults are given in the grand Saloon: the dainty French juvenile ball is the prettiest sight imaginable. And from the Casino Esplanade, sheltered from the sun, it is a favourite morning diversion to watch the bathers trip into the sea from their neat cabins, and note the deftness with which the expert swimmers dive from the gem of a pier. The town of Dieppe itself, with its wonderfully skilful ivory-turners, its brave and hard-working fisherfolk, and magnificent old cathedral, and fine docks, one never tires of.

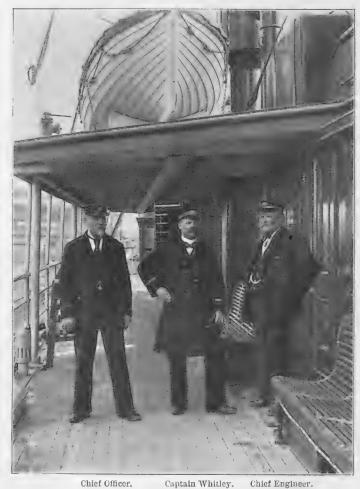


A PLEASURE-PALACE BY THE SEA: THE CASINO AT DIEPPE. Photographed from the Hôtel Royal.

THE INVIGORATING CHANNEL VOYAGE.

All praise to the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway for Place no credence in the reported ill-feeling of the Dieppois to Englishmen. It is a canard which I have much pleasure in bringing down. You meet with nothing but civility in town and suburb from the frank and industrious Normans, a race for whom Englishmen should naturally have a kindred sympathy. I own I was agreeably surprised at the marked improvement that has recently been effected in the boat-service of the London, Brighton, and South Coast Company. Take one of the cheap first-class Saturday-to-Monday return tickets, and, leaving Victoria at 1 p.m. on Saturday, you reach Dieppe in time for dinner at the Royal, can spend a restful Sunday at the delightful French Watering-Place, and get back to Victoria comfortably by 1.25 p.m. on Monday.

The London and Brighton and Western of France Railway's swift steamer Arundel (of which photographs are given), the finest boat of the fleet, ploughs across the Channel at the speed of a great Atlantic Liner, taking but a little over three hours in the voyage from Newhaven to



CAPTAIN AND CHIEF OFFICERS OF THE SS. "ARUNDEL."

Given a smooth sea, such as prevailed when I crossed this month, and you can relish a good luncheon on board; and in the smoking of two or three cigars in the snug smoking-cabin, you arrive at Dieppe landing-stage. Constructed by Messrs. Denny, of Dumbarton, the Arundel is a twin-screw vessel of 1061 tons gross register. She is divided into cleven watertight compartments; carries full British Board of Trade life-saving outfit, comprising four boats, six

life-buoys, eleven hundred lifebelts, and life-rafts, &c . to carry 320 passengers. The spacious dining-saloon is on the main deck and placed well amidships and forward of the boilers. It is decorated in Elizabethan style and fitted in carved oak upholstered in terracotta velvet. The scheme of colour is bright and refined, and the general light and cosy effect is much helped by the absence of the conventional long saloon tables. Small separate tables to seat four take their place.

### DIEPPE'S PALATIAL NEW HOTEL.

Visitors now enjoy a noteworthy advantage. brand-new Hotel Royal—a veritable Palace by the Sea—has been built by the "Gordon Hotels, Limited," and offers the utmost comfort and luxury with that unsurpassed excellence of management which characterises all the grand hotels of this great company. A beacon of hospitality to voyagers who view the hotel lights gleaming out to sea, the Royal is a masterpiece of architecture and of the builder's art. Travellers, welcomed with cordiality, find civil attendants, and are placed at ease at once. It is a new pleasure to sit in the noble vestibule reading-room

and glance over the verdant lawn to the refreshing fringe of white breakers and to the heaving blue waters beyond. And novel zest is given to déjeuner or dinner in the charming little Crystal Palace of a dining-room overlooking the plage. The situation of the Hôtel Royal,



THE NEW HÔTEL ROYAL, DIEPPE.

in short, is unrivalled. So is the *chef* the experienced manager has engaged. Accommodation is provided for over 250 persons. So highly have its manifest merits been already appreciated that within the past month Baron Arthur de Rothschild, Prince and Princesse Gérard de Lucinge, Comtesse de Montesquiou, Comte de La Tour d'Auvergne, Comte Pillet-Will, Comte de Vallombrosa, M. Maronini, Comte Reneix, General and Mrs Warren, and Mr. Charles Wyndham have been among the distinguished personages who have stayed at the Royal. Recreation is provided in billiard-rooms in the basement, with the inevitable American Bar handy. Lit by electricity, unexceptionable as regards its sanitary arrangements, furnished with lifts and every available modern invention, the Royal is essentially an hotel abounding in English comfort and luxury.

#### PICTURESQUE DRIVES AND EXCURSIONS.

The drives to Puys, which also boasts a large hotel by the sea, run by M. J. Pelletier on reasonable terms, and the morning bus from the Restaurant Suisse to Pourville, past the breezy Golf Links, while away an hour or so pleasantly on Sunday. The observant cannot fail to notice that Lord Salisbury's late example has been followed by many Englishmen who occupy châlets on the picturesque, invigorating, and well-wooded heights east and west of Dieppe. An excursion to Rouen, one of the finest of French historic cities, will also yield a host of pleasant memories, especially if the visitor is fortunate enough to hit upon a fête-day so brilliant and so interesting as that of Aug. 4 last, when a remarkably elaborate and beautifully costumed equestrian procession illustrated the history of Rouen à travers les ages. Romantic and beautiful, the verdant, Cookham-like river scenery of the Seine adds to



THE SS. "ARUNDEL," THE FINE CHANNEL BOAT RUNNING BETWEEN NEWHAVEN AND DIEPPE.

the delight of a stay at Rouen, from which steamboats run daily to Havre, to La Bouille (an ideal place for déjeuner), and other inviting pleasure towns and villages. To meet the special requirements of English travellers to Paris, the Western of France Railway has built at Dieppe a spacious new Railway Station on the landing-quay of the steamers. It is fitted with a restaurant and all the latest conveniences for passengers. No wonder, in view of the vastly improved railway and steamboat services, that, in addition to the large increase in goods traffic, the passenger traffic vià Newhaven and Dieppe has nearly doubled in ten years. In 1890 the number of passengers carried was 97,000; in 1895, 153,000; and in 1899 over 176,000. Flourish, Dieppe!

#### NOTES FROM PARIS.

THE SHOOTING SEASON IN FRANCE.

The shooting season in France (writes the Paris Correspondent of *The Sketch*) opened for the first zone—the country is divided into zones—on the 18th of this month. In point of game, the prospects are said to be



SALOON OF THE SS. "ARUNDEL," LONDON, BRIGHTON, AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY COMPANY'S SERVICE BETWEEN NEWHAVEN AND DIEPPE.

rather poor. This does not, of course, apply to the preserves of those private individuals who stock with care, or to the official preserves, said to be in splendid condition. The principal Government preserves near Paris are Rambouillet, Marly, and Compiègne. President Loubet will, it is said, rather favour Compiègne for official parties this year, the château being more convenient with regard to the chase than is the case at Rambouillet. The President can lunch his

case at Rambouillet. The President can lunch his guests under cover instead of in the forest.

#### SOUVENIR OF THE PRINCE IMPERIAL.

Speaking of Compiègne, which was a favourite residence of the Empress Eugénie, there remains there, still untouched, the little blue bedroom of the late Prince Imperial, just as he left it thirty-three years ago. It is never shown to visitors, but one who has seen it says that the curtains are at the windows and that all the chairs are in their places; that the little mahogany bed stands against the wall, with its eider-down cover thrown across the foot, with an air of expectancy; and that on the table are two books which were thrown down there a third of a century ago. One of the books is about the labour of poor children in factories. The little Prince was but thirteen years old when he left this nest for ever.

### THE KHEDIVE'S HOLIDAY.

The Khedive is taking an air-and-water cure at Divonne, in France. The régime is Draconian. He rises at six o'clock, and from then on till bed-time every hour is marked out and has its duty assigned with mathematical precision. The schedule runs—coffee, walk, cold douche, massage, sun-bath, promenade, repose, lunch; and in the afternoon it begins over again—repose, promenade, douche, &c. In the lingo of the place, all these exercises are divided into two categories—"preactions and reactions." As His Highness has been three seasons at Divonne, there is reason to suppose that he gets as much benefit from the visit as the establishment does. His Highness occupies a small villa with a garden.

#### HORS D'ŒUVRES.

Are Holidays Advisable? — Why did the Week-End? — Thursday to Wednesday Week-Ends — The Jellyfish Holiday — Wireless Holidays—Holidayovski in S.beria—" All the Comforts of Home!"

THERE are many different kinds of holidays, as the schoolboy says in his examination essay. The clergyman attends a "convention" in a Swiss village or at the English lakes, and indulges in a dreadful intemperance in tea and buns. The doctor assembles in his thousands at a watering-place, and has his fling by meditating on the most fearful diseases. The schoolmaster holds mass meetings about his educational wrongs, just as the actor goes regularly to the theatre in the suburbs until it is time for him to begin acting again.

There was an old gentleman who lunched at a City restaurant, who used to go carefully through the menu and invariably ended by ordering roast beef. He did this regularly every day for twenty years, discussing each item seriatim with the waiter, who always casually mentioned roast beef, as if an afterthought, and strongly recommended it. On the same principle, many families every year review every holiday-resort in Europe in the guide-books, and finally settle on the same English watering-place which they have frequented for the last dozen years. And, after all, railway services are now so good that one can have excellent poultry, butter, and eggs sent down now to the country every morning, and so avoid the usually atrocious products of the average farmyard.

Formal holidays are really now hardly necessary, for the week-end system has become enormously extended. Formerly people went out of town for a quiet Sunday. Then they left early on Saturday morning and came back some time on Monday. Then the railway companies met the public demand by inventing Friday-to-Tuesday return tickets. Soon the alleged week-end will be a Thursday-to-Wednesday fixture, leaving the overworked business man the whole of Wednesday afternoon to toil at the grinding slavery of the office.

Nowadays there is a craze for the hermit style of holiday. Doctors have traced most of the mortal complaints to the intellectual and muscular spasm with which the Englishman enjoyed himself so apoplectically on the Continent in the last century. It is proved to be almost certain death to pass the summer anywhere except browsing in a desolate tract free from post-offices, telegrams, Town Councils, brass bands, sanatoriums, or any other of the dangerous excesses of modern civilisation. The daily routine of the mole and the oyster must be carefully imitated. The patient can only recruit with safety to his life in such localities as (1) A cave in the West of Ireland, upholstered and fitted with electric light; (2) Bottom of a coal-mine, to which food and cigars are shot down three times a day; (3) Family raft moored in the middle of the Atlantic; or (4) Balloon suspended over the British Isles and provisioned by a hand-lift worked by a deaf-mute.

There remains, of course, residence in the cellar, but in the interests of temperance I hesitate to recommend it to the young. The nervous system at these pleasure resorts may be reduced by reading such works as Webster's Dictionary or Haeckel's "Evolution of Man"; the children might be kept amused with the last month's files of the Times. However, the "splendid isolation" of the holiday by solitary confinement has been ruined by wireless telegraphy. Marconi hath murdered sleep.

A Society paper, possibly on the above principle, recommends Finland as a holiday resort. It certainly seems strange that eligible sites like Achill Island, Tierra del Fuego, and Spitzbergen have been neglected as fashionable watering-places. Why not push Juan Fernandez in the newspapers as "the new Brighton" and christen Ascension Island "the Scarborough of the Atlantic"? Too exciting, perhaps. But I see the Trans-Siberian Railway now provides a train de luxe from Moscow to Lake Baikal weekly, containing bath-room, restaurant, gymnasium, and barber's shop. (I have no information about the speed of the train, but I suppo-e one's hair does grow on the journey. It hardly seems a good advertisement, though.) The railway might be said to be taking steppes to provide a rational holiday. And there will not be much temptation to over-dissipation while summering at these raw and chilly convict stations.

But why not try England as a holiday-resort? A well-informed correspondent in the know tells me that it is now believed to be supplied with improved means of communication and has several comfortable inns. The language in places like Yorkshire and Lancashire is, of course, a difficulty. Not so in Scotland. With all these dialect novels, we speak the local patois better than the natives themselves.

Yes. Be it ever so miserable, there's no place like home, as an exasperated paterfamilias exclaimed while he sat on the beach in a chill drizzle with the sand in his socks and insulted an abusive Christy minstrel. Some people are glad there is no place like home. A henpecked gentleman of my acquaintance the other day saw an advertisement of a family hotel stated to "contain all the comforts of home." He was heard to murmur viciously, "Then I won't go there!"

#### PARIS CONSERVATOIRE PRIZE-WINNERS.

NTHUSIASTS favouring the establishment of an English Conservatoire for teaching the dramatic art may not unlikely feel inclined to advocate it anew on glancing at the group of prepossessing Paris Conservatoire prize-winners given in this week's Sketch. As musical students have several such institutions open to them in London—either the Royal College or Royal Academy of Music, the useful Trinity College, or the Guildhall School of Music, so munificently supported by the Corporation of the City of London—there does not on the face of it seem to be any good reason why histrionic aspirants should not have a similarly well-endowed Academy in which to ground themselves in the essentials of the emotional and mimetic art. Nay, there is obvious need for

#### A DRAMATIC CONSERVATOIRE IN LONDON.

Why not as an adjunct to the Royal College of Music, with adequately endowed Professors' chairs? Many actors and actresses of these days barely contrive to send their words across the footlights. They habitually drop their voices at the end of a sentence, thereby often keeping the full sense of their dialogue from the audience, doubtless to the keen annoyance of the author. Well trained in the art of voice-production and clearness of delivery at an authorised Conservatoire, our young stage artists would hardly fail in the above respect.

A French contemporary holds out the hope that the charming

PRIZE-WINNING YOUNG FRENCHWOMEN PORTRAYED acquitted themselves so well at the summer examinations of the Conservatoire at the Faubourg Poissonière that there is every probability that they will achieve success on the boards either in grand or comic opera, in tragedy or comedy. Mdlle Piérat, the clever daughter of a former member of the Odéon company, and only fifteen years of age, took a first prize in comedy; and it is manifest, from her smiling face, that Mdlle Fluchet should become a prime favourite in the musical branches of art to which she has devoted herself with such promising results. That they and the other young students delineated may have bright and happy futures is the sincere wish of *The Sketch*.

#### THE BOOK OF THE WEEK.

"THE ETERNAL CITY," BY HALL CAINE.

[Published To-Day.]

T is seldom that a book previous to its publication has attracted so much attention and caused speculation to be so rife as Mr. Hall Caine's Romance of Rome, "The Eternal City." The early chapters, about half the book, appeared in the Lady's Magazine, and these were so full of promise that the novel was read with deep interest. But upon the completion of the fifth book it was abruptly stopped, the magazine editor considering that some of the situations were not suitable for the publication. Great disappointment was generally expressed. The question whether the editor or Mr. Hall Caine was right will, I understand, be determined in a Court of Law.

These proceedings have naturally given a great impetus to the demand for the book, to supply which the publishers have printed as a first edition the enormous number of

#### 100,000 Copies,

thus creating a record in first editions. The story of "The Eternal City" opens in London, where a poor Italian boy, David Leone, or Rossi, is discovered on the doorstep of an Italian refugee. He is taken in and cared for, and for his playfellow he has the refugee's little daughter. These two become the heroine and hero of the story.

#### THE SCENE CHANGES TO ROME,

when Rossi becomes a member of the Chamber of Deputies. He is a popular orator, with a programme for the future government and happiness of the people. In one of his addresses, he says: "Our duty as Romans is to bring the privilege of a great name, sacred among the nations, and a pledge of the world's respect and love, to the service of God and Man. There is something more in this place than a perishing people crying for bread: there is the human race calling for justice. Ours is a solemn mission—the mission of proving to the world that humanity is one and that all men are brothers." In a passage condemning the corrupt condition of the Government of Rome, Rossi coupled in a questioning manner the name of

#### THE HEROINE, DONNA ROMA,

with the Prime Minister's. For this speech he is arrested, but is released at the request of Donna Roma, so that she might entangle and disgrace him. Instead of this, Roma falls in love with Rossi, and he with her. Their loves, however, do not run smooth. There are estrangements, plots, and counter-plots, in which the Prime Minister is killed. In the end the very

#### AMIABLE POPE PIUS XTH.

recognises Rossi as his son by an early indiscreet marriage, and renounces his temporal power in Rome, the King abdicates, and a republic is proclaimed; but, unfortunately, Roma is smitten with an incurable disease, so that the anticipated happy ending is not realised. Like all Mr. Caine's books, "The Eternal City" is well written and full of human interest, but it is too full of Roman politics to fascinate the public to the same extent as "The Manxman" and "The Christian,"

## PRIZE-WINNERS AT THE PARIS CONSERVATOIRE.



MDLLE. MARGEL, SECOND PRIZE COMEDY. Photo by G. Le Breton, Paris.



MDLLE, HUCHET, FIRST PRIZE OPERA COMIQUE. Photo by Cautin and Berger, Paris





MDLLE. REVEL, FIRST PRIZE OPERA COMIQUE. Photo by Cautin and Berger, Paris.



MDLLE, PIERAT, FIRST PRIZE COMEDY. Photo by Cautin and Berger, Paris.



MDLLE, BILLA, SECOND PRIZE OPERA AND OPERA COMIQUE. Photo by Cautin and Berger, Parts.



MDLLE. CESBRON, FIRST PRIZE OPÉRA AND OPERA COMIQUE. Photo by Cautin and Berger, Paris.



MDLLE. DE RAISY, SECOND PRIZE

TRAGEDY.

From a Photo.

MDLLE. DEMOUGEOT, SECOND PRIZE OPÉRA. From a Photo.

D



[Photo by Sarony, New York.

## MR. WILLIAM GILLETTE AS SHERLOCK HOLMES

IN DR. CONAN DOYLE'S POPULAR DRAMA OF THAT NAME, DUE AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE ON SEPT. 9. "Why do you villains always choose underground dens for rendezvous?"



[Photo by Sarony, New York.

MR. WILLIAM GILLETTE AS SHERLOCK HOLMES

IN DR. CONAN DOYLE'S POPULAR DRAMA OF THAT NAME, DUE AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE ON SEPT. 9.

"Pull down the blinds, Doctor; I don't care to be shot from the street this evening."



THE DEFENCE OF THE AMERICA CUP IN NEW YORK WATERS.

THE "COLUMBIA" IS IN FRONT OF THE "CONSTITUTION."

(See "Small Talk.")



LATEST PORTRAIT OF SIR THOMAS LIPTON, WHOSE "SHAMROCK II." REACHED NEW YORK ON AUG. 12.

(See "Small Talk.")



MISS JANET ALEXANDER, WHO PLAYED BEATRICE FOR THE OXFORD UN.VERSITY DRAMATIC CLUB, AND WHO MAKES HER FIRST LONDON APPEARANCE AS KATE MEREDITH IN "A MAN OF HIS WORD," AT THE IMPERIAL THEATRE, TO-NIGHT.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HILLS AND SAUNDERS, OXFORD.



MR. HERBERT WARING AS GIL DE BÉRAULT IN "UNDER THE RED ROBE," AT THE HAYMARKET.



MR. HERBERT WARING AS SIR GEORGE IN "THE ADVENTURE OF LADY URSULA," AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S THEATRE.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALFRED ELLIS AND WALERY, BAKER STREET, W.



MR. HERBERT WARING, THE NEW MANAGER OF THE IMPERIAL THEATRE, AT HOME.

(See "Musical and Theatrical Gossip.")

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY R. W. THOMAS, CHEAPSIDE.

#### NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

#### A SPRIG OF NOBILITY AND THE AMERICAN DENTIST.

BY CLO. GRAVES.

[All Rights Reserved.]

NATE, in the person of his Tutor, decreed that Lord Rydalstone was to go up to London to have his teeth attended to by an American dentist of fashionable reputation. A School return-ticket (second class at the price of a thirdclass fare) was given him. He was also furnished with ten shillings, and the usual caution re reckless expenditure, and so

Lord Rydalstone got into his towngoing suit of rough grey tweed, adorned himself with a preternaturally clean collar, lassoed himself with a new necktie-the School colours in subdued shades-while the chill April breeze gambolled over the ranked beds in the

open-windowed dormitory and brought to the youth's ears a distant hum as of scholastic bees assembled in distant class-rooms.

It was a bright spring day. The venerable grey buildings of the School, clothed with the pink-budding Virginia-creeper, had assumed quite a coquettish look of youthfulness, and the chestnuts in the playing-fields were putting forth green hands.

Puffs of sweet-briar came with the breeze. Lord Rydalstone felt in his inside coat-pocket and assured himself that his deliciously flavoured clay, his match-box, and pouch of Cavendish had not been forgotten. Barelay, the keeper of the boundary-gate through which the youth passed on his way to the station, gave him a surly touch of the hat in

return for a nod not untinged with patronage.

The train came snorting in. Lord Rydalstone got into a secondclass carriage, in which were an old man, a young woman with a bandbox class carriage, in which were an old man, a young woman with a bandbox and a baby, and a pimply School Librarian, popularly nicknamed "Uriah Heep," who was going up to see his mother in Brompton. Lord Rydalstone had promised himself that he would change into a smoking-carriage at the next station and add a deeper tinge to the beloved clay. But Heep was a spy, he felt sure of that. And stringent orders against smoking had recently been issued by the Head. And so Rydalstone stayed where he was, and the murky clay and pouch of Cavendish remained in Rydalstone's pocket. He felt sure that Heep guessed and was inwardly chuckling.

guessed and was inwardly chuckling. The journey was dull enough for a longer one. Rydalstone played

invisible pitch-and-toss with the half-sovereign in his waistcoat-pocket, and wished it had been a whole one. Because, when those three teeth were stopped, he meant to buy a cargo of toffces, all sorts and conditions, to take back to School. Saccharine joys had been too dearly bought at the cost of toothache for some months past. Pity they had been so jolly mean, because a sov—— Here the Librarian took out a battered Horace and began to read to himself, moving his lips in a rabbit-like way that Rydalstone always found particularly aggravating. "Sappers" and "Stivers" always muttered and Rydalstone angles a resist of recording and "Stivers" always muttered, and Rydalstone made a point of pounding them for it when they weren't too small and flabby to be pounded. He possessed the useful faculty of reading upside down, and he could see that Heep was grinding over the Sixteenth Ode, where the bard, as Palinodist, humbly asks pardon of the young lady whom he had injured with iambics. An iambic was a poetic foot, Rydal-tone knew. He wondered rather whether the Latin poet had inadvertently trodden on the girl's toe? But it was all in the nature of "sapping" and "stiving," and Rydalstone had never allowed his love of study to interfere with the more serious pursuit of amusement. And here was Euston, and, in disregard of notices posted up requesting passengers not to alight before the train should stop, people of both sexes and all ages were taking grasshopper leaps out of the compartments. The general exodus recalled to Rydalstone the embarrassingly successful result of an experiment recently made with a patent soap upon an illegally cherished and too-populous wire-haired As a mute protest against the lack of dignity evinced by other and older persons, he remained suspended in the doorway of the carriage until the locomotive was absolutely quiescent. Then, yielding to the mute entreaties of the young woman, who had been poking him in the back with the baby in her anxiety to join a healthy-looking, broadshouldered young man who had been waiting on the platform, Rydalstone got out. Somebody spoke to him as he sauntered along the greasy asphalt.

"You should never be in a hurry. Always take your time!" said the lantern-jawed Librarian. His own long legs devoured the distance and he was beyond the barriers, and, before Rydalstone had thought of a reply which would have crushed him, the Librarian had caught the Brompton omnibus. It would have been some satisfaction to drive past the beast in a hansom, and Rydalstone, who had himself intended to patronise the more economical vehicle, engaged one; but the

horse was a regular screw, and the omnibus had the best of it.

The American dentist hung out in one of the short streets off Piccadilly. The waiting-room was crowded, but Rydalstone's appointment had been secured. He went in, feeling a little too small for his grey suit, and conscious of a clammy sensation about the palms of the hands which usually heralded a private interview with the Head. The dentist chap didn't look unlike a schoolmaster of sorts, either, Rydalstone thought—a long, slim, cool, close-shaved sort of beggar, with odd, twinkling eyes.

"Take a seat, young gentleman," he said. He indicated the official chair with a wave of his hand, and Rydalstone, mindful of his dignity, took some time sitting down. When he had quite finished, he looked

up and met the dentist's glance. It seemed to express admiration.

"I guess, where you come from, they don't expect you to do that without hired help?" he observed, in his long, smooth drawl.

"I don't suppose I know what you mean!" said Rydalstone,

distantly.

"Well, now!" said the dentist, his smooth, white hand at his smooth, blue chin, and his long eyes twinkling more oddly than before. "I didn't suppose you would—without assistance—I have always understood that at your high-toned English Public Schools the young noblemen had their jints and their brains worked for 'em by specially constructed machinery, driven by dynamo-currents and approved by Government. And I allowed that, finding yourself thrown on your own hands, so to speak, you just felt as though you were taking liberties with a stranger. Isn't that so?"

As he talked he manipulated a head-rest that enclosed Rydalstone's temporal regions in a softly padded but relentless grip.

I think," said Rydalstone, with his chin tilted at an angle painfully acute, "that you're tryin' to be funny!"

"I should be somely of your opinion," the unruffled American replied, looking with his odd, twinkling black eyes into the clear grey ones, "if any member of my family had ever succeeded in the attempt. But I am told that my grandfather on the maternal side gave up tryin' when my grandfather on the paternal side—they'd concluded to build upon neighbouring lots!—fell through the roof of a one-and-a-half storey joke he had set on shinglin' and was taken up fer dead. Oblige me by opening your mouth."

me by opening your mouth."

"Ith—hit—a—painful—ho-peration?" inquired Rydalstone, after obliging as requested. His fresh, boyish colour was somewhat faded, and his eye betokened a tendency to jib.

"I hev' known a client go through it smilin'," said the dentist.
"And then, again, I hevn't." he added. He had been looking, with a German-silver kind of mustard-spoon which had a magnifying-glass set in the bowl of it, at Rydalstone's mouth. Now he withdrew the spoon and took a miniature putter of steel from a tumbler of something that smelt like iodoform.

"What 'at?" exclaimed Rydalstone.

"It is not a two-inch auger," said the American; "but I will back it to execute the business in hand more satisfactorily than a buzz-saw." A horrible grating sound attended on the movement of his expeditious hand, and Rydalstone shuddered. "Guess you come of a mighty ancient stock now, don't you?" the dentist observed, moving away to a distant table and selection. Budeletters form an allienter like and selection. table and releasing Rydalstone from an alligator-like gape.

"Oh, yes!" said Rydalstone. "I believe-at least. I know!-we

"Oh, yes!" said Rydalstone. "I believe—at least. I know!—we go back as far as Hengist and Horsa. Saxon Kings, they were," he added hastily; "and you'll find 'em in 'Geoffrey's British History." "Not much style about Kings all that way back!" observed the dentist, deftly impaling a little wad of cotton-wool upon the end of another instrument. "No ermine pelisses and gilt State-coaches on C-springs, I guess. . . . Now, if you had been properly advised, sonny"—his tone was almost caressing—"you'd have begun your family now eighteen contaging latent when falls held left of graphing. family, say, eighteen centuries later, when tolk had left off crackin' ox-bones with their teeth an' paintin' their hides sky-blue. As it is, you've got too many Anchor Line funnel marks in your jaws. Fond of candy?"

Rydalstone blushed healthily. "I—like sweet things—rather," he admitted, "occasionally." The ten shillings tingled in his pocket.

"I guess I'll have to ask you to open your mouth again," said the dentist; and Rydalstone complied. "It is a real pleasure," he continued, busy with his cotton-wool plug, while a camphorated sensation of deadly cold stole over Rydalstone's spaces and journals has the from the part cold stole over Rydalstone's senses and icy prickles shot from the roof of d stole over Rydalstone's senses and ley prickles shot from the roof of his mouth to the crown of his head, "to hear that you only rather appreciate that sort o' thing. Few young gentlemen of your age possess an equal amount of self-control. An' yet, come to reckon up, if you've been chewin' sweet-gum an' suckin' sugar truck, even rather occasionally, ever since the time o' them old Saxon Kings, it does kind of establish a record in dyspepsia. You smoke, don't you?" He was energetically occupied with a kind of miniature tunnel-bore worked by the boot-toe, and Rydalstone was beginning to experience tortures.

"A-ah-'ood-heal!"

"Concluded as much," said the dentist, who seemed to become more nasal in tone and less polished in verbal style as the tiny wheel sped round within the belt and a whirling metal demon delved into the osseous centres of Rydalstone's very being, shricking as he went. "I



[Drawn by Arthur Gill,

Soapy Sam: The war's raised everythink in price, an' now this 'ere paiper says as clothes is goin' to be a lot dearer!

knew a young gentleman-one of Nature's noblemen, not one of King Edward the Seventh's-who smoked a good deal. Store-plug was his weakness, and, though his family laid out to cure it, the more they laid into him, the more he smoked. (Say, if I'm hurtin', squeal; most or nary common-born folk gets relief that way.) Wal, at last his smokin' reached such a pitch that the biggest corn-cob ever hollowed didn't hold enough tobaccer to satisfy his cravin', an' he was allowin' to fit a stem to a flower-pot an' smoke that one afternoon, his parents havin' concluded ter go driving, when a Dutcher pedlar happened right along. Sonny, I should be guided by my own feelin's about hollerin', if you feel that way, and not trouble to consult any o' them old Saxons. Well, this that way, and not trouble to consult any o' them old Saxons. Dutcher-I don't exactly hold a certificate on German, but I'll make out to tell you what he did. He read the soul of that boy, or maybe he was guided by his pimples, for indulgence in nicotine when young is responsible for ornaments of that class. And he pulls out of a bag a solid block o' meerschaum—a pipe that held two pound o' tobaccer at least. An' the boy offered him his half-dollar an' his Barlow knife an' a lump o' chewin'-gum an' a Sabbath-school prize hymn-book for swop, but the Dutcher wanted somethin' better. 'Ich habe nix cum raus,' says he, 'to make bresents. Doonderblitz! if Ich vas von poy dot had ambitions like you, Ich vould broken some banks pefore Ich vould let schlip a pipe like dot!' An' he talked till that boy unbuttoned his vest an' took out his conscience-Guess I hurt you then !- an' hid it behind a brick, an' went indoors an' up chamber, an' dug around, an' come back an' traded off his Poppa's watch, an' his Momma's silver teapot back an' traded off his Poppa's watch, an' his Momma's silver teapot an' teaspoons, an' his Aunt Susquehanna's pearl ear-danglers for that thunderin' sham meerschaum. An' when he'd got the things, you bet, the Dutcher made off like a hundred-legger. An' for considerable of a spell that boy was dead-ripe with pride an' joy. An' then he saw his conscience lyin' behind the brick, an' he picked it up an' dusted it—he'd been brought up religious—an' put it back, an' presently it got warm an' began to stir round lively.—My hand slipped, sonny, because you jounced in the chair. But if 'twould relieve ye to kick, say, and I'll brace myself agin' the back-board.—Well, this boy, he was as downerst an' low-spirited as a rooster in the rain; but there was the downcast an' low-spirited as a rooster in the rain; but there was the pipe, an' he was bound to smoke it, jest once, before he gave himself up. So he went round to the village store, laid out his half-dollar in plug-tobacco, loaded up that pipe to the muzzle, and smoked it plum

down to the bed-rock, until he could hear the ile sizzlin'——"

"An'—wha'—happa—'hen?" articulated the patient with difficulty.

"I'm getting to that, sonny." The dentist was busy with the gold filling.—"Keep your neck stiff, an' I'll have more purchase.—The lot this boy's father's house was built in shelved up to a rock-ledge with an onhealthy reputation in the rattler line. An' sometimes, in the warm spring weather, a rattler would come rustlin' down through the pertateran'-corn-patch to pay an afternoon call. Well, the biggest an' most pizenous of all the family happened round jest as that boy, havin' smoked the Dutcher's pipe to the butt-end, began to turn round an' round like a locust on a hat-pin. Rattler sounded an alarm, but the boy stepped on to him, and got bit, naturally, jest as his parents drove into the front-yard an' got down from the buggy."
"'Id—he—'ie?" the patient questioned in palatal accents.

"Naturally, you would expect that. So did the boy's parents—so did the boy himself. But the bite seemed to steady him, and he left off turnin' round jest as the rattler began. For his whole system, being saturated with nicotine—which is deadly pizen to snakes—pizened the rattler, an' he rattled his last in some fifteen seconds New York time. His Momma and Poppa they were a good deal surprised to find their son holdin' a higher deck than a crittur of that onwholesome description; but after awhile they got used to it."

"Huh—huh—ih?"

"Used to it, sonny! It was the most excitin' amusement they could think of, to see that boy load up that ancient oil-retort with plug an' smoke it, an' then clim' up the rock back-o'-lots an' let the rattlers bite him an' die. Folks came from the ends o' the airth almost to see such a curus thing."

Rydalstone thought a moment.
"Did you know that boy?" he asked, the instrument being withdrawn and his tongue and jaws once more under his own control.

"Know him? Know ——? Why, sonny, I was that boy. Now,

I guess you can get up," said the dentist.
"Why, is it all over?" said Rydalstone.

"They said I'd have to have gas," remarked Rydaistone dubiously. The dentist's solemn face was as solemn as ever, but the flesh about his eyes crinkled up until the twinkling orbs peeped through mere horizontal slits. "You have had gas, I guess," he said; "about as much as your constitution kin stand. Good day, sonny."

And Lord Rydalstone departed, to invest the sum of ten shillings in

assorted sweetstuffs and lay up another toothache against a rainy day.

The Crystal Palace Jubilee Medal, interesting in itself for its medallions of Queen Victoria and Prince Albert and for its images of the first Great Exhibition and of the Palace at Sydenham, is assuredly one of the most beneficial souvenirs ever cast. The purchase of this admirably executed shilling medal benefits the Soldiers' and Sailors' Families' Association, and will entitle the owner to free admission to a grand patriotic fête in aid of the same fund at the Crystal Palace on Saturday, Sept. 21. Purchasers of the Crystal Palace Jubilee Medal will also, by the kindness of the Directors of the South-Eastern and Chatham Railway and London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway, be enabled to obtain return railway fares at single rates.

#### THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

R. HALL CAINE has been paying a short visit to London to arrange for the ridiculous copyright performance of a play based upon "The Eternal City." I should say that there will have to be very considerable alterations made in the dramatisation of the story, for it is difficult to imagine how one of the central characters could possibly figure on the stage.

Mr. Heinemann inaugurates a new departure in publishing by giving on the page facing the table of contents of "The Eternal City" a certificate signed by the English printers that the first edition of the book consists of a hundred thousand copies. Perhaps this is something of a counterblast to the announcements of enormous sales recently published, which sales do not really represent any great popularity in this country, but refer almost entirely to the huge circulations in the United States.

In replying to a request from the Editor of the Outlook for a list of books suitable for holiday reading, Mr. Hall Caine wrote

I'm afraid I am even now of no use to you. A book is a book to me, and I know of no difference between holiday and workaday reading. But if I were to speak of the book which has moved me most in these last days it would be one that people are not likely to read at the seaside to the accompaniment of bands of music, and therefore it would be no good for your purpose.

"Mr. Caine," says the Outlook," does not tell us the name of the book in question. Many people would be glad to know it, and some will, no doubt, be able to guess it." Most will guess wrong. I think I am right in saying that the book in question is Professor Harnack's "Das Wesen des Christenthums," a translation of which was published a short time ago in this country.

A historian who has recently had access to the State Records of some foreign countries tells me that it is becoming increasingly difficult to obtain permission to examine historical documents and There can be no doubt that a certain amount of pilfering has been indulged in by writers of historical romance in search of facts for their fiction. It is a curious coincidence, and it may be nothing more than a coincidence, that the originals of most of the documents made use of by a famous French novelist are missing from the official archives.

The Life of Sir James Paget by his son, Stephen Paget, which Messrs. Longmans have in preparation for publication, will contain some very interesting reminiscences of the great surgeon's connection with some of the most famous men and women of the nineteenth century

I do not suppose Mr. Keir Hardie's publication, the Labour Leader. is widely known to the readers of this column, and it is hardly likely that they would turn to its pages for items of literary interest. Labour Leader of a few weeks ago contained some curious reminiscences of Stevenson by a Honolulu journalist. The writer says

Mr. Stevenson never produced his masterpiece. This will be a surprise to his admirers, but, as I had it from his own lips, it is true. He was cut down on the eve of his greatest work, the accomplishment of his life-purpose. His masterpiece was to have been a political novel. It was to deal primarily with the rascality of politics and the weaknesses of Kings, Queens, Presidents, and politicians in all ages. It was to bring out a lofty ideal, a system of precepts and morals to interest and direct the great popular mind of the world. It was to quake the thrones of empires, the authority of states, and was to strike at the foundations of nations. As Sir Thomas More was the father of the political organism of the United States, so Stevenson must have been of systems yet to be created. Oh, the pity of it that he did not live!

When I last met Mr. Stevenson, this subject was foremo t in his mind. It had been, too, for nearly three years before. It was the one topic which he liked to discuss. "Our forefathers were such rascals!" he would remark, and then proceed to unwind himself.

The first volume of the translation of George Brandes's great work, "Main Currents in Nineteenth Century Literature," will be published next month. It is entitled "The Emigrant Literature," and deals for the most part with the authors who were obliged to emigrate from France for one reason or another after the Republic was transformed into the Terror, the Directory, the Consulate, and the Consulate into the Empire. The most important chapters in the book are given to a consideration of the work of Chateaubriand, Sénancour, Benjamin-Constant, and Madame de Staël, to whom a third of the volume is

Lord Avebury's new book is entitled "The Scenery of England and the Causes to Which it is Duc."

I hear great things of a novel entitled "The Death of the Gods," which is to be published here in the autumn, and which, it is promised, will rival "Quo Vadis" in popularity. The author is Demitri Merezhkovski, and the book, which deals with the history of Julian the Apostate, is the first of a trilogy. The second volume, "The Resurrection of the Gods," is the story of the Renaissance, with Leonardo da Vinci for a hero, while Peter the Great is the central figure in the third volume, "The Antichrist."

The scene of Mr. Henry Seton Merriman's new novel, "The Velvet Glove," is located in Spain about the year 1870. The story deals with the alliance between the Jesuits and the Carlists, and the Anti-Clerical movement, which, presented by Mr. Merriman as fiction, has within the last months become an important reality.

Messrs. Macmillan announce a new uniform edition of Thackeray, reprinted from the first edition, with all the illustrations, facsimiles of wrappers, &c.



[Drawn by John Hassall.

HIS FIRST LIVE SHRIMP.



MISS WINIFRED EMERY, WHO PLAYS THE LEADING LADY IN "THE SECOND IN COMMAND."

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WINDOW AND GROVE, BAKER STREET, W.

#### MUSICAL AND THEATRICAL GOSSIP.

OUR NEWEST ACTOR-MANAGER, AND A WORD WITH HIS WIFE; Also A CHAT WITH HIS AUTHOR.

FTER to-night, if one should venture to propound to you the Browning query, "What's become of Waring?" you will be able to reply, "He will be found at the beautiful new Imperial Theatre, which he has just taken from the beautiful Mrs. Langtry for a four months' season." And so

#### DESERVEDLY POPULAR IS MR. HERLERT WARING

that his big following will wonder that one so tale ated has never gone in for actor-managership ere now. It is a fact that this favourite actor, although still young, has been some quarter of a century upon the stage. Moreover, he has played every conceivable kind of character upon the boards—Shaksperian, melodramatic, the herogenomatic, the shockingly villainous, and e'en the farcical, since that evening when, as a mere youth, he stepped upon the late Adelphi stage to enact one of the Oxford crew in a revival of the late Dion Boucicault's at one time much-discussed "woman with a past" play, entitled "Formosa." Young Waring, having a striking presence and a splendid voice, was very speedily promoted to "leading business," as the theatrical phrase has it. In this department one soon found him playing most important parts at the St. James's with Mr. and Mrs. Kendal. Among his most memorable performances with the Kendals were his Gilbert Hythe in "The Squire," and his Rev. Noel Haygarth in "The Hobby Horse." A few years later, Mr. Waring, after some striking successes at the Shaftesbury, returned to the St. James's to play all sorts of fine parts with Mr. George Alexander, one of his biggest successes at that time being as that awful scoundrel, Sir Brice Skene, in "The Masqueraders." Mr. Waring's recent list of successes at the Duke of York's in such pieces as "The Adventure of Lady Ursula," "Miss Holbs," "The Swashbuckler," and so on is fresh in the playgoing memory.

For the information of Sketch readers, I, of course, promptly waited

FRIEND WARING AND HIS CHARMING WIFE,

who has, I may as well at once tell you, designed and supervised all the ladies' costumes for the opening play of her husband's first managerial campaign. I found the Warings, after a heavy rehearsal, comfortably ensconced in their sweetly furnished little flat in Old Bond Street. After lamenting that the handsome Mrs. Waring had deprived the stage of her services for so long, I began to interrogate Mr. Waring-

"Tell me what is the general play-policy you intend to adopt now that you are a manager on your own account?"

"Whatever else my plays may be," he answered, "they shall be wholesome. I do not intend to encourage anything either of the 'problem' or the pessimistic order."

"No ladies with pasts," murmured Mrs. Waring.

"By no means," added Waring, smiling. "The pieces I propose as manager to submit to the public who have been so kind to me as an actor shall be as strong as I can get them, whether of the modern or actor shall be as strong as I can get them, whether of the modern or the costume kind. But, by Jove," he exclaimed, in his well-known determined manner, "they shall be clean!"



MRS. HERBERT WARING AT HOME. Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

"And yet," I remarked, "there are those who regard you as scaled of the tribe of Ibsen. Can you have been, like our friend the Stage-Hero, falsely accused?"

"I was," said he. "Those who charge me with Ibsenism are utterly wrong. I suppose a man may, in pursuance of his profession, play in



MR. BOYLE LAWRENCE, AUTHOR OF "A MAN OF HIS WORD," PRODUCED AT THE IMPERIAL THEATRE TO-NIGHT.

Photo by Lyddell Sawyer, Regent Street, W.

Ibsen plays-which I confess to have done more than once-without being regarded as a disciple of the powerful but certainly eccentric Norwegian 'Master,' as he is called."

"Quite so. Let us proceed to the subject of your first new play," I remarked.

"You have already told Sketch readers that the play is by Mr. Boyle Lawrence, that it is of Anglo-Indian interest, and that it is entitled 'A Man of his Word.' I play what, I suppose, you would call the hero. We have a very charming and artistic lady for our heroine—Miss Hilda Rivers, you know."

"You have described her accurately. But what about your villain?"
"He is hardly a villain," answered Mr. Waring;

"at least, not of the conventional stage type. He is rather a coward—a physical coward momentarily, and ever after a moral coward. It is a splendid character, and I think you will find my young friend and old St. James's associate, Harry Irving, playing it splendidly. I quite envy him the part. I feel in this case as Bottom the Weaver felt towards his fellow-players, when he wanted to be east for all the characters in 'Pyramus and Thisbe.'"

"I am sure Mr. Sketch will be in love with our scenery!" said Mrs. Waring.

"AND WITH THE DRESSES YOU HAVE DESIGNED."

"Oh, they are perfectly lovely, of course!" said my delightful hostess. "Now, there are certain dresses for Miss Rivers and Mrs. Cecil Raleigh which are simply—" Here Mrs. Waring confided to me numberless details of a more or less mysterious kind. I cannot hope to give lady Sketch readers these details accurately, not having the honour to be one of the sweet sex myself. I can, however, assure those lady readers that, when they go to the Imperial—as, of course, they will—they will behold the most wonderful frocks ever seen on any stage.

"Hold!" I exclaimed, as Waring, fondly thinking I had done with him, was preparing to enjoy himself. "What about Shakspere?"
"I do not deny," he replied, "that, like the rest

of my cloth—pardon the expression, I catch it from my brother, who is a clergyman—I should delight to try Hamlet one of these days. But not yet. Oh, no! I think I would rather start with Othello, or Iago, or Macheth. I am hoping, however, that

BOYLE LAWRENCE'S PLAY

will see me well through my four months there. think the play's undoubtedly strong story and its undoubtedly clever construction should make it

interesting-always, of course, supposing that the Public and the Press accept the central idea, which, I must confess, is a little daring. Our scene is at Simla, on the North-West Frontier, where we present certain military alarums and excursions; after that, in our scenes in and around a Simla bungalow, we fall into the more domestic vein-plus several dashes of drawing-room melodrama. Our last act shapes at rehearsal as very strong, showing how the Man of His Word (that's my part), who has suffered all sorts of false accusation and obloquy because he would not 'give away' his friend (who is really his enemy), is in a tight fix indeed, and all hope seems gone. Suddenly his friend the - enemy unconsciously-

I hold it fit that here I should pause, leaving Sketch readers to find

this climax out for themselves at the Imperial.

Then, having on behalf of Editor and self wished the Warings the best of all good-luck, I departed, in pursuance of my deeply laid plans to track down their first author, the aforesaid Boyle Lawrence.

I tracked the said Boyle Lawrence to one of his club-lairs, the cosy little Yorick, to wit, hard by the Churchyard of Old Paul's, Covent Garden, where certain of the best of our ancient actors lie buried. Here-meaning in the club, and not among the catacombs-Lawrence and I, playgoing Areadians both, for a long while talked of the Drama in general before we discussed the drama in particular, meaning, of course, his romantic play, "A Man of His Word." On this Lawrence spoke modestly, as became a young man, and yet with that measure of hope which one expects to find in a young man who knows he is not without ability, and who is naturally anxious to exploit that ability by all legitimate means within his grasp. This experienced and elever Daily Mail-ian and Harmsworthy colleague of the undersigned started by expressing his earnest gratitude to Waring and Co. for the splendid cast and mise-en-scène given to his play, and to Mr. George Foss for his

cast and mise-en-scene given to his play, and to Mr. George Foss for his "producing" powers.

Do not suppose, however, that this is (as many appear to think)

B. L.'s first play. Those of us who have known Boyle Lawrence from his childhood up know that he was always more or less engaged in playwriting. Indeed, he quite blushed when I recalled to his mind certain youthful efforts in this connection. For example, do we not remember a certain little piece of his called "A Promise"? Yea, verily; and it will not surprise me if "A Man of his Word," the hero of which is a Man with an Oath, should prove to be a play similar in idea, albeit

larger in growth.

I can call to mind also sundry other early-landed dramatic efforts of Boyle Lawrence's either on his own account or in collaboration with other writers. There was, for instance, an adaptation by himself and poor little Heron Browne of the late Sir Walter Besant's "Armorel of Lyonesse," and a play or two with Louis Napoleon Parker. It is with the last-named now brilliant dramatist that Boyle Lawrence has written "The Heel of Achilles." This is a play on what Lawrence calls "the Sardou model." Indeed, it treats of sundry diplomatic and other conspiracies in a certain foreign nation which shall be nameless. It is, I find, tremendously strong and daring. And now young Lawrence is engaged upon a piece of daintier work—namely, a comedy for the aforesaid Miss Hilda Rivers, who is wife of the business-managing bard, R. G. Legge.

Cast of "A Man of His Word," due at the Imperial on Aug. 21-

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t of "A Man of His Word," due at the Imperial on At Colonel Sir Philip Pangdon ... Mr. H. B. Irving. Captain Richard Meredith ... Mr. Herbert Wari Captain Harry Lorrimer ... Mr. Ben Webster. Lieutenant St. Austell ... Mr. T. Pym Willing Colonel Liston ... Mr. T. Pym Willing Colonel Saunders ... Mr. G. R. Ross. Captain Armstrong ... Mr. Sam Sothern. Lieutenant Devereux ... Mr. J. Edward Pellieutenant Nairn ... Mr. Arthur Hare. Esther Davenant ... Miss Hilda Rivers. Kate Meredith ... Miss Janet Alexan Mrs. Meredith ... Miss Pattie Bell. Mrs. Prescott ... Mrs. Prescott ... Mrs. Frontier of Davendra Act I.—A Military Post on the North-West Frontier of Davendra ... Mrs. Fernas.
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     MR. H. B. IRVING.
MR. HERBERT WARING.
MR. BEN WEBSTER.
MR. T. PYM WILLIAMSON.
MR. FERRIS.
MR. G. R. ROSS.
MR. SAM SOTHERN.
MR. J. EDWARD PEARCE.
MR. ARTHUR HARE.
MISS HILDA RIVERS.
MISS JANET ALEXANDER.
MISS PATTIE BELL.
MISS HILDA IIANBURY.
MRS. CECIL RALEIGH.
h-West Frontier of India.
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Act I.—A Military Post on the North-West Frontier of India.
Act II.—The Garden of Mrs. Meredith's Bungalow, Simla.
Act III.—At Mrs. Reverley's, Simla.

Time.—About 1900.

### Mr. William Gillette as Sherlock Holmes.

It is with much pleasure The Sketch gives two characteristic portraits of Mr. William Gillette in the part of Sherlock Holmes. Personality is more than half the battle in every walk of life, for without it men neither attract sympathy nor leave any mark on their work. There are few men who have in this respect so large a balance on the credit side as Mr. William Gillette, who first won the favour of London playgoers in one of his own clever plays at the Adelphi, and who is due at the Lyceum early in September. "Sherlock Holmes" as a play is worked out of a hitherto unpublished incident in the career of Dr. Conan Doyle's extremely popular detective-hero, showing his connection with the strange case of Miss Faulkner, the story having been made by Mr. Gillette suitable for the stage. The characters are those which have already been made familiar to readers of the Strand Magazine, and include Dr. Watson Morierty, and the boy, but the vest may be not and include Dr. Watson, Moriarty, and the boy, but the rest may be put down as Gillettian creations. Mr. Gillette, who is one of the most popular of American playwrights, is a native of Hartford, and was educated at Yale, whence he graduated from the Arts Class. Though he for some time flirted with the sciences, and even

dabbled with theology, the theatre was his boyhood's fancy, and it has claimed his life's work. As a youngster his chief delight was a toy stage, and as a man he has written and played in numberless successes. The first of his plays produced was "The Professor," in 1881. He next assisted Mrs. Frances Hodgson-Burnett in the construction of "Esmeralda," after which he wrote "Digby's Secretary," which he eventually merged into "The Private Secretary," in which he played for so long a period. Then, in 1886, came his powerful play, "Held by the Enemy." This was followed by a dramatisation of "She," "All the Comforts of Home," "Wilkinson's Widows," "Ninety Days," and "Too Much Johnson" (in which he also appeared in London). Then, in 1895, he wrote that famous drama, "Secret Service," in which he made his first bow to English audiences at the Adelphi. His acting has always been stamped by simplicity and sincerity, force and intensity, and we must give him the highest credit for a peculiar capacity in character we must give him the highest credit for a peculiar capacity in character delineation. Within his range, in fine, he is a marvel of vividness, of directness, and of dramatic force. It is said that in "Sherlock Holmes" his coolness when the interest runs high is very telling. Such are a few of the characteristics of Mr. Gillette as playwright and actor. And a little bird has whispered more than once that he will next appear as

#### MR. HENRY DIXEY

is another favourite American actor who will be welcomed back to the London stage. Most playgoers relished his light, bright style as Adonis London stage. Most playgoers relished his light, bright style as Adonis in the good-humouredly satirical song with the chorus of "English, you know, quite English, you know," and will be prepared to accord him and the rest of Mr. George B. McLellan's company a good reception when they open the brand-new Century (late Adelphi) Theatre with the musical piece called "The Whirl of the Town," by the composer and author of "The Belle of New York," Mr. Gustave Kerker and Mr. Morton. The members of "The Whirl of the Town," company, who arrived from New York last Thursday in the Fürst Bismarck, comprise, in addition to Mr. Dixey, Mesdames Lessing, Elfie Fay, Mabel Love, Trixie Friganza, Messrs. John Le Hay, Gus Bruno, and Edwin Wye. I hear Mr. Tom B, Davis is very hopeful indeed as to the success of "The Whirl of the Messrs. John Le Hay, Gus Bruno, and Edwin Wye. I hear Mr. Tom B, Davis is very hopeful indeed as to the success of "The Whirl of the Town," at the Century, where Mr. McLellan and his confrère, Mr. Frank de Jong, will produce it early next month; the rehearsals being conducted by Mr. Gustave Kerker.

"THE GIDDY GOAT,"

to be produced at Terry's to-morrow (Thursday) evening, was given a preliminary trial by Mr. Yorke Stephens last week at Weymouth. I am assured it met there "with an enthusiastic reception, which must be considered as some testimony to the humorous merits of the play. The delightful absurdities of the bashful man with the reputation of a ladykiller, as played by Mr. James Welch, are calculated to prevent anyone feeling serious during his scenes. Miss Fanny Brough, too, has a part that provides her with opportunities such as she never fails to make splendid use of. The play will be produced at Terry's by Mr. Herbert Standing.'

#### MISS CISSIE LOFTUS

may be credited with a record in the way of rehearsals. This clever mimetic artist, who is to appear shortly in the States in a new piece written by Sir Henry Irving's playwright-son, crossed the Atlantic on purpose to enjoy the advantage of a six hours' rehearsal under the superintendence of Sir Henry himself at the Hôtel Cecil, and then returned to New York.

#### THE PRINCESS'S.

Mr. Frank de Jong tells me that he will not be able to open the redecorated Princess's until about the end of September, and that the play by Mr. Reynolds with which he is to start his season is an adaptation of Ouida's "Wanda," with Miss Kate Rorke and Mr. Charles Warner in the leading parts.



MISS HILDA RIVERS, WHO PLAYS ESTHER DAVENANT IN "A MAN OF HIS WORD." Photo by Chalkley, Gould, and Co., Southampton.

#### THE MAN ON THE WHEEL.

Cycling Costume, Past and Present—The Ungainly Rider: His Strange Predilections—Lamps: Acetylene, Oil, and Candle—Maps for Tourists.

Time to light up: Wednesday, Aug. 21, 8.9; Thursday, 8.7; Friday, 8.5; Saturday, 8.3; Sunday, 8.1; Monday, 7.59; Tuesday, 7.57.

In the days when the cyclist was known to the patrician child as a "cad on eastors," and to the plebeian small boy as a "monkey on a gridiron," the world laughed at the costume of the man on the wheel. The world had some justification for its hilarity, for it must be frankly confessed that we did our mightiest to appear conspicuous. We clothed ourselves in skin-tight raiment, our tunics were braided on the breast—hussar fashion, we wore helmets or pork-pic hats, clothed our hands and wrists in white gauntlets, and never ventured out in bodies without a bugler to tootle us cheerily on our way. Gutter urchins threw the refuse of the

street at us, and we withstood the gibes and sneers of those who, like the late Edmund Yates, pronounced cycling a low taste and the cycle the "poor man's horse." Little did the pioneers of the wheel dream what twenty years would bring about that the despised bicycle would become an essential to the aristocrat and the peasant alike. Gone are the braid, the bugle, the gauntlets, and the helmet; most of us dress rationally, ride rationally, and in a rational manner derive what pleasures there are to be found in wheeling. Most of us, but not all. It is the fashion amongst a section of the cycling fraternity to do their wheeling in the most uncomfortable manner conceivable.

I refer to the gentleman we see so much in our London parks, but very seldom on the highroad far from townwho persists in riding in trousers, sits bolt upright, poker-back style, pedals with his instep, and has his handlebar raised so high that his appearance is suggestive of the driver of a trotter. Of course, such a position on the wheel makes riding very uncomfortable and laborious, inasmuch as the costume generally adopted is totally unsuited to a pastime quasi-athletic. As the non - wheeling world laughed at the dress of

the cyclist of twenty years ago, so must the wheeling world of to-day laugh at one who deliberately declines to ride his bicycle as it was intended to be ridden, and refuses to wear a costume suitable for the pastime. Of course, he would not boat in the red jacket of the golfer, nor play tennis in hunting-breeches. The argument is good; why, therefore, should he not cycle in cycling costume?

Although we are yet a long time off the dark nights of winter, it will be observed from a glance at the little table at the top of this column that gradually but surely the daylight is closing in for the year. In a month's time from to-day the lighting-up hour will be exactly seven o'clock, an hour when large numbers of cyclists set out for an evening spin. This means that the necessary lamp, laid aside during the long evenings of midsummer, must once more be brought into constant requisition. This is the time, too, when new lamps are bought in considerable numbers, and it becomes the duty of a writer of notes such as these to offer what advice he can on the subject. A couple of years ago the introduction of a safe acctylene-lamp threatened the oil-lamp with

obsoleteness, and the manufacturers of these new lamps did everything they could to push the trade. The public, however, seemed to tire very soon of the acetylene-lamp, and reverted in very many cases to oil. The fact is, acetylene-lamps, however good they are, require careful manipulation and constant attention; they must not be allowed to get foul or dirty, for it they do, they become a source of danger. Again, calcium carbide is dearer than oil, and is not everywhere obtainable, like the latter commodity. There is no question as to the superiority of acetylene gas over oil in illuminating power, but it has become a moot point amongst cyclists whether such a glaring light is an advantage or a disadvantage.

The most cleanly, light, and profitable lamp I have yet handled is the candle-lamp. This has been considerably improved during the past two years, and the makers of it have succeeded in turning out a really practical little article. Its illuminating power is, of course, feeble compared with acetylene, but it is not very much lower than that of the small oil-lamp. It at any rate serves the purpose for which

it is intended—to keep within the strict letter of the law, and the law does not prescribe the candle-power the cyclist should carry. Further, it is safe and always effective. The other evening I was out motoring with a friend. Our automobile was a quadricycle, and, being without lamp-oil, we carried as our lightgiver a small candlelamp, which gave us every satisfaction. At one portion of the spin we travelled over a deserted but extremely bumpy stretch of road at a speed approaching forty miles an hour. Nevertheless, candle-light held on bravely, in spite of the jerks and jolts to which it was subjected.

To the tourist-and now is the time when tourists abound—there is no more important item in the contents of the luggage-carrier than a good map. I cannot imagine how a wheelman can set out upon a lengthy journey unarmed with a chart of the district through which he is to pass; yet there are many who do it, trusting in a happygo-lucky, haphazard way to sign-posts and local information. For myself, I confess I am lost without a map, inasmuch as the pleasure of studying on paper the physical features of my route is as great as in the reading of a book of travel. There is such a lot to be gleaned from a good map, apart from



MISS EVELYN MILLARD AS IXION.

Photo by Thomas, Cheapside.

the fact that when map-reading is thoroughly understood it should be next-door to impossible to lose one's way. I am not very keen on the so-called "cyclists' maps"; in these the roads are so distorted that a fictitious importance is conveyed to some very inferior highways. A reduction of the Ordnance Survey map is the most practical and the most easily read.

The limitations imposed upon the tourist in the matter of luggage prohibit a heavy or bulky map. For myself, I have found the reduced Ordnance Survey map by John Bartholomew, F.R.G.S., one of the best and handiest the cyclist can have. The scale is ten miles to the inch, and all the physical features are clearly and accurately shown; mainroads, by-roads, and lanes are distinguished, and the smallest villages are recorded. England and Wales are produced in two sections, showing in the northern section everything from the Glasgow-Edinburgh parallel to the line drawn from Carnarvon on the west to The Wash on the east. The southern section contains everything south of these points to the English Channel. My advice to those who would tour is to buy good maps—and study them.

## THE WORLD OF SPORT.

#### RACING NOTES.

Stockton. The second meeting of the Northern circuit, Stockton, is in some ways the most enjoyable of the series, and one for which Lord and Lady Londonderry always entertain a big house-party. The Great Northern Leger is great in name only, and very few horses exist beyond the Trent that can by the longest stretch of imagination be called first-class animals. In the race referred to, Lord Bobs, Bistonian, Tower Hill, and Syneros strike me as the pick of the basket, and Mr. Vyner's Marcion colt should have no difficulty in winning. In the Hardwicke Stakes—for which, by the way, there were eighty-seven subscribers—Happy Bird, St. Uncomber (nominated by Lord Londonderry along with six others), and one of Mr. Vyner's three may fight out the issue, and the spoils may rest with the first-named. For the Durham County Produce Stakes there were 106 subscribers, 61 of whom had cried enough by the time the minor forfeit had been declared. Sir Waldie Griffith is represented by Ian, who ran such a good race in the Eclipse Stakes, and this colt should win. A peculiar entry in this race is "Mrs. Mary J. M. Todd's b f. Happiness Returned, by Petersfield, out of Heathrose, by Clairvaux or Macheath."

Lennox Stakes. On Friday and Saturday, the August Meeting is held at Hurst Park, a place that is well favoured by the Jockey Club in the matter of fixtures. This is as it should be, for, along with one or two other gate-money meetings in the neighbourhood of the Metropolis, it is run on the best, and therefore the most comfortable, lines. The August Two-Year-Old Plate on Friday should produce an interesting race, with Cerillo, Port Blair, Wild Seamew, His Lordship, Britta filly, Loveite, and Shibboleth filly engaged. Of this lot, the last two may supply the winner. Through the death of Mr. Lorillard, four entries in this race were rendered void, one of them having been made for that smart youngster Amoret II. On Saturday, the rich Lennox Stakes, worth £2000, are run for, and the entry includes such useful animals as Ian, Energetic, William the Third, Doricles, and Volodyovski. With the latter a starter, the race would be as good as over, but in his absence a great race should be seen, with Doricles or Ian the winner. Next Tuesday, the York Meeting commences, and on the opening day the Prince of Wales's Plate may be won by Dabernon, and the Yorkshire Oaks by Royal Summons or Sabrinetta.

Cambridgeshire. Seldom have such a fine lot of horses been entered for a big handicap as in this year's Cambridgeshire. All the tip-toppers are there, including the Derby winner, Volodyovski, whose entry brings to mind the great race run by Galtee More in this event before going to Russia. Darling's horse was on that occasion the king of the paddock, and, with a little more luck in the race, he would have very nearly won. Others in this year are two good but exceedingly unlucky horses—namely, Alvescot and Forfarshire. As a rule, handicappers are "down" on Leader's horses, but it may be that Alvescot will be treated a little more lenicntly than of yore. This good colt opened the season by running second in the Lincolnshire Handicap behind Little Eva, a performance he followed up by finishing third in the City and Suburban to Australian Star and Amurath, and third in the Jubilee Stakes to Santoi and Caiman. The rest he has been enjoying for some time will be beneficial, and, with anything like fair treatment, he is bound to be a fancied public candidate for what is in many respects the greatest handicap of the year. Forfarshire, the other unlucky brute, was nearly knocked over in the Derby, has been placed in several important races, and when he looked like winning the Chesterfield Cup at Goodwood was knocked into a post and had his thigh badly cut. Mr. Dewar's horse is one for which the "public" is sure to be on the look-out.

Rods in Pickle. About this season of the year racing people begin to talk glibly about "rods in pickle"—another term for horses which are supposed not to have been spinning for a few months. Whether the absence of important Turf matters has anything to do with such irresponsible chatter or no I cannot pretend to say, but certain it is that some of the most shrewd and, in many respects, wary followers of racing annually have their eyes on their own pet "dark" horse. I heard the other day of an Australian animal that ran twice last year that was going to do marvellous things either this autumn or next. It happens that this animal is a splendid specimen of the thoroughbred, and it would not surprise me were he to win the Cambridgeshire, no matter what weight he is allotted. It is a race that, on paper, looks the most difficult of the campaign; but we seldom see a close finish, the last one having been, if my memory plays me no tricks, that between Comfrey and St. Cloud II. Since then, runaway victories have been scored by Georgie, Irish Ivy, and Berrill, so perhaps there is something in the "kept" theory, after all.

This is an age of statistics and averages, and I crave pardon if I touch on what is somewhat incongruously called the winning trainers' list, which tells of the amount of money and the number of races won by horses under the charge of different trainers. We have become so accustomed to seeing our various prizes and cherished records annexed

by Americans that the sting is not now quite so keen when another goes the same way. The trainer who has won for his patrons the biggest sum of money in stakes this year is Signor Alvarez, the sum in question being over £18,000, or, roughly, a thousand more than has been won for his masters by Huggins—also an American. Of course, without Epsom Lad, the name of Alvarez would be a long way down the list; but, then, Wood could do nothing with that horse, which was a terrible failure until he came under the care of the Mexican trainer, to whom the position at the head of affairs rightly belongs. One crumb of comfort is left the English trainers, and that is that W. Waugh has won more races with his horses than any other trainer in this country.

A Jockey Host. In my younger days, I spent many a holiday on a walking tour, a form of recuperation that, I fear, is sadly falling out of favour. Two of my assistants have just returned from a holiday tramp in Devonshire. In a fortnight, they covered two hundred miles, resting on Sundays, and occasionally being "held up" by the weather. On one occasion, a thunderstorm caught them on the horders of Exmoor, and, after lying under a hedge for half-an-hour, they managed to reach an old-fashioned public-house in a village that is as pretty as its name. There was an excellent host, a man whose knowledge of horseflesh made my young friends wonder. He knew the pedigree and records of every animal they mentioned, and told stories of the Turf in a style that was rendered the more piquant by reason of the Devonshire drawl in which they were recounted. "I've ridden myself," he confessed, with a mysterious smile. "Winners? Yes, a few," and he mentioned one or two horses he had guided to victory. Before leaving, he explained why he was serving in the bar-parlour of a drowsy Devon inn. "I might 'a been riding now," he said, "but I didn't play t' game straight." It was, to say the least, a frank confession; and I wonder how many jockeys who are warned off regard their fate with such a philosophic calm?

CAPTAIN COE.

#### A QUAINT FISHING CRAFT.

This quaint-looking craft is very popular on the Meuse and other rivers of Belgium. It consists of two flat-bottomed canoes secured side by side, with a couple of short planks to form a seat, on which the occupant sits, with a foot in each canoe, to paddle. It draws only two or three inches of water, is very easily handled, and is almost impossible to upset, to



ANGLING IN BELGIUM.

which qualities, perhaps, it owes the favour of the more energetic among Belgian anglers, a fraternity which most commonly prefers a seat on the bank or a wooden chair in a punt. This photograph was taken in the Ardennes, and the correspondent who sends it suggests that anglers in this country would find the double canoe worth trying, as it will easily carry two men sitting back to back. It might be of use; for myself, I venture to doubt whether it would prove very convenient as a "movable base" for fishing, however useful for other purposes.

#### IMPORTANT NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.

Whilst cordially thanking the many Contributors who have submitted interesting photographs and notes for his consideration, the Editor would urge upon such Contributors the necessity for ensuring ABSOLUTE ACCURACY in the matters of NAMES and DATES, which should be written in pencil on the back of each portrait and view sent to "The Sketch," 198, Strand, London,

## OUR LADIES' PAGES.

#### FROCKS AND FURBELOWS.

HERE is, according to all accepted ideas, but one race of cooks in the world—that is, cooks to the heaven-born manner—just as there are, so far, but two races that know how to dress. The first—does it need to be told?—occupies that place marked in the classical atlas as "Gaul." The second are likewise French, and

[Copyright.

A HOME GOWN OF GREY CASHMERE.

following them in order of merit come the Americans. So, at least, our sensitive neighbours across the Channel cannot say that we do not give them the credit of these their hereditaments, although they do not make the corresponding concession of allowing us perfidious islanders any meritorious points whatever. One of their many elever countrymen once wrote, by the way, that there are two kinds of crities: "first, those who complain that roses have thorns; secondly, those who feel grateful that thorns have roses," which latter attitude of recognition is never by any chance adopted by Jacques Bonhomme to his neighbours on the foggy north of the Channel. The English rose is complained of because of its accompanying prickles, while it does not seem to occur to our amiable and talented neighbours that the English prickles can, on the other hand, bear some quite satisfactory blooms. If it should ever become possible to make practicable the amiable ambitions of the "Entente Cordiale," only much intercourse between the two nations could alleviate the transmitted asperities of feeling in which we both indulge occasionally. I, personally, believe that the languages of both countries act as insurmountable barriers between a mutual understanding and appreciation.

I, personally, believe that the languages of both countries act as insurmountable barriers between a mutual understanding and appreciation.

Englishmen in the mass are proverbially lazy about the claims of other tongues, preferring their own solid Anglo-Saxon, while to Frenchmen our sledge-hammer language ever remains a lingual steeplechase not to be lightly entered on. In the comparatively few instances where

a knowledge of both tongues brings people of the two countries on a conversational footing, pleasant feelings of friendship and smoothed away prejudices invariably result; but, until that millennium of monosyllables is reached when we shall all speak divers tongues with fluency, one plainly feels that, when visiting the sister country, only a phrase-book veneer of civility is reached, which can never join the hands quite thoroughly of that fair land of France and her north-country neighbour—which profound reflections really arose from a comparison of l'arisian frocks with other cosmopolitan confections at a smart French watering-place, where Lutetia had it all her own way and the others were nowhere.

This temporary plunge into mourning which the regretted death of the Empress Frederick has caused comes, if one may be allowed to say so, at a season when it will cause the least possible inconvenience. Everybody, more or less, is out of town, and to the greater number who are away from home holiday-making at seaside places and elsewhere the ukase will not so rigidly enforce itself as if it had come in the Season, when everybody was in town, and the paramount idea of doing as others do becomes, moreover, doubly imperative.

On the other hand, the smarter sections of Society, making holiday at Homburg, Aix, or other "bads" where people of the social swim foregather at this time, are well set up in mourning garments, little else than black and white having been worn since January by any with a due regard for what is convenable. Frenchwomen, with their neat waists and admirably moulded figures, noticeably affect the corselet style of skirt a good deal at present. One reason, no doubt, that it has not made



A DINNER-GOWN OF PINK SATIN AND BLACK CHIFFON.

more than a success of esteem in England is that our inherited angularities are more accentuated by this style, which is absolutely one of two things—extremely trying or extremely becoming. It is to be exploited again this winter in town, with more chance of success, probably, as, in

cloth, frieze, or other heavy material, the corselet-skirt would adapt itself more advantageously to slim figures. One of the new Paris modes is the adaptation of a fashion that some of our aunts will remember as the old burnous cloak of the fifties or sixties. How to wear a shawl with effect is not an easy matter, and was certainly not achieved by those ladies whom Leech and Cruikshank loved to caricature. Nevertheless, the thin end of the wedge has begun with us in those fichus with which we have of late draped our shoulders, as well as the pointed mantles and capes of a season since. The nucleus of the shawl is, therefore, with us, and, if it does not develop into favour, it will not be the fault of

of the French mode. The makers, who have arranged that it does not be tried

In some foregoing phrases I have talked of Frenchwomen with their invariable chic and superiority in the matter of clothes, which we are trying to emulate with but slow success. Another habit which it is said we have borrowed from the American cousin, and to which we have certainly taken unkindly, is the wearing of so much jewellery out of doors. Ten or a dozen years ago, the girl who walkedoutdecked forth with neckchains, bangles, brooches, jewelled hair-combs, earrings, and what not gewgaws besides to complete her smart outfit, would have been looked upon as "bad form" by the prim arbiters of taste in those days; while now the maiden unbedecked with such baubles cannot hope to be ranked as smart or even well finished. The influx of the welldressed Transatlantic woman has been given as a reason for this change of front, for it is well known that the New York mondaine is possessed of the idea that as she moves about the world, people will judge

of her importance

ordinary silversmith of custom, and shows an originality and grace of design, and an apparent excellence of execution which should bring this firm profitable recognition from the British public, which, however slow, is safe to recognise merit in the long run. Regimental plate seems to be a speciality with this firm, and the silver bowl made for the officers' mess of the 1st Chinese Regiment of Wei-Hai-Wei, and just despatched to that distant point, is a fitting example of their meritorious efforts in that direction.

Casino-frocks and bathing-costumes are two noticeable features of

Casino-frocks and bathing-costumes are two noticeable features of the foreign watering-place at which I am at this moment staying,

SOME NOVELTIES AT THE PARISIAN DIAMOND COMPANY'S.

by her exterior effects. She has plenty of money, moreover—which means with her enough clothes and enough jewellery to make a constant display—and she therefore devoutly believes that if Englishwomen don't do likewise, it is because they cannot.

Whatever the cause, however, the fact remins that we at the present moment are a highly decorated and decorative generation, and that the simply dressed, unadorned demoiselle of the poet is a thing of the past, put away and forgotten. In this connection, I am recalled to the fact of having seen some very charming jewellery in the shop-windows of Wilson and Gill, diamond merchants, of 134, Regent Street, before leaving town last month. Their designs would not shame the Rue de la Paix, which feminine paradise I have since then inspected with the customary interest and admiration. Wilson and Gill's silverplate also marks a distinct departure from the unimaginative dead-level of the

while it is deprecated, and ran, I have no doubt, into three plump

The double skirt seems to be making an effort to revisit the glimpses of the autumn moon. I have seen it on three or four fashionable women lately who would never allow themselves to appear in anything so remote as even the present fashion, being of the sort who pride themselves on leading it six months ahead. Horizontally tucked boleros are still holding their own against the inroads of other outdoor garments, and, though we are promised the three-quarter tight-fitting coat, its sovereignty will not, I think, be yet. One also hears of the new short veil reaching just to the mouth, but in its future I entirely decline to believe. Veils, by the way, should never be folded; they should be rolled. The former method spoils the shape, the latter preserves it.

the intermediate serge or stuff in which the latter part of the morning and midday are spent being overtopped by the chic nautical outfit of the earlier hours, and the elaborate chiffons in which the lady of Ostend, Trouville, or Dieppe arrays herself for table d'hôte and the fascinations of "petits chevaux" to follow. Long coats of expensive much flimsiness are also a favourite fashion of the present moment, and the money spent on some of these garments might put to shame many a hard-up professional man's Luxeuil écru on a groundwork of coarse net made one of the most admired garments of the sort I had met. It was made quite long and semi-fitting, built over pale green satin, and lined with mauve

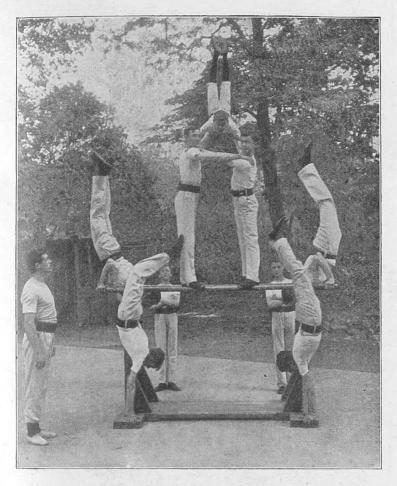
brocade. Another equally unmiti-gated extravagated gance was composed of Russian lace mounted over a filmy foundation biscuit - coloured quilted chiffon, which was stitched at edge with endless rows of gauze ribbon and buttoned in the front with three diamond arrows. It had that irresistible air of elegant extravagance which fascinates

#### CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Aug. 27.

#### THE BRIGHTER OUTLOOK.

Exchange were becoming reduced owing to the absolute lack of orders, these same members are now arising with hopeful faces and cheerful mien at the prospect of better times which the promise of the week has left with them. There seems to be a freeing of investors'



ATHLETIC EXERCISE BY LADS OF THE JERSEY HOME, A STOCK EXCHANGE ORGANISATION.

purse-strings now that the end of the endless War looms in apparent sight. Consols ran up upon purchases induced by the hope that no more stock would have to be issued if Lord Kitchener's declaration had the desired effect, and that which it is expected to have. Home Rails, free from the damping influence of unknown dividends, are timidly looking up. West Africans have got into stronger hands, and the West-End is largely eliminated from accounts. Yankees fear no strike in steely armour, although the actual condition of affairs cannot be accurately fathomed. Canadian Rails are buoyant on the bumper harvest, and Kaffirs chortle in their glee at being looked at by the public once again. For the sake of the House, we may devoutly hope that the improvement will last.

A correspondent in Natal sends us glowing particulars of the Natal Navigation Collieries, which, he says, are making a profit of £8000 per month upon a capital of £150,000, and paying dividends of 10 per cent. per quarter. The price of the shares is 23, and the market in London is a limited one, although the Company is well thought of here.

As our readers know, the Stock Exchange practically supports and manages the Jersey Home for Working Lads in South Lambeth Road. Some fifty friendless lads are provided with a home and are supplied with the very best of everything relating to recreation. We are able to give a couple of photographs illustrating some of the gymnastic exercises practised by the boys. The Institution is doing quiet work of the highest kind, and the Stock Exchange has good reason to be proud of its "Lads."

#### YANKEES AND GRAND TRUNKS.

Strange though it may appear, the public on this side of the Atlantic have not yet recovered from the shock which they received over the Northern Pacific concern. Notoriously short as is the memory of the speculator, the "affaire" hangs over the Yankee Market so forbiddingly that Shorter's Court is now an American Market with a literalness which it has seldom been before, and dependent for its orders so largely upon Wall Street that the British public scarcely counts in the war 'twixt bull and bear. As is usual at this season of the year, the market is mainly moved by crop reports, which have so completely satisfied all current requirements that the annual yellow fever in the Louisville district is in danger of dying out through want of an airing.

Although the speculative furore in America appears to have spent

itself, the market leaders have evidently no intention of allowing the interest to fall away. So long as the Steel strike absorbs most of the attention devoted to Yankee Rails, there cannot be any return of pronounced activity; but, after that dispute is settled, we quite anticipate better prices. The speculator must recognise, however, that he is in the hands of a clever and unscrupulous gang of American bosses, and, unless he is fully prepared to lose his money, he should stand from under the market.

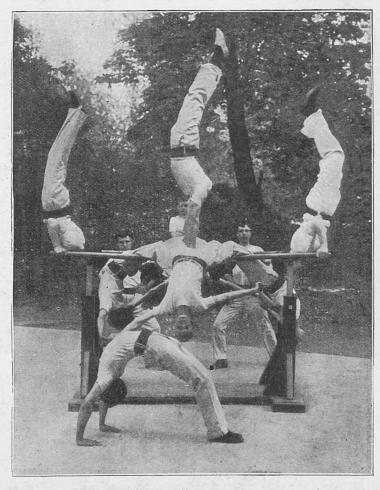
Unlike its usual custom after the fulfilment of optimistic expectations, the Grand Trunk Market keeps exceedingly hard. The First Preference will certainly justify our oft-repeated prediction that it will reach par, and we see no reason why it should not steadily make its way to 105. The price now carries a  $2\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. dividend. The other Preferences are also verifying our forecasts, and, fairly high though the current quotations are, we are inclined to think that they will be left behind before long. Our principle is always to take a profit; but, seeing that Trunks have maintained their strength so well after the dividend declaration, they may perhaps be treated as exceptions to our general rule by those who have not sold.

#### COMBINE COMPANIES.

It is by no means astonishing that the Trust system has failed to make much progress in Great Britain, despite its wonderful fertility in the United States. The experience of those Trusts which were formed in the dry-goods trade in the North of England a year or two ago has been quite enough to crush any lurking desire for the same consummation that might have existed in other trades. The fall in English Sewing Cotton shares during the past few weeks has again shaken the confidence of investors in this group, and the fact that the shares are now as low as a sovereign is proving itself a fruitful source of anxiety to proprietors of these and other Combine shares in the same category. As regards English Sewing Cottons, we are very much inclined to think that the fall has been overdone. The Company's rival at one time, brother at another—the famous firm of Coats—is said to be having a sensationally good time. On the top of this, we are assured that the English Company is doing just as badly as the other is doing well, but the statements are so much at variance that not even the experts in the North who put them forward can command our allegiance. English Sewing Cottons should slowly recover from their present price.

English Sewing Cottons should slowly recover from their present price.

Turning to the Yorkshire Woolcombers' Association, the disastrous nature of the lately published balance-sheet is not due wholly to deplorably dull trade, but must partly be ascribed to the overloaded capital of the concern, which hangs like so much dead-weight in a year of bad business. The Calico Printers' Association is another of the group which suffers from the same superfluity of capital, while the Bradford Dyers' Company, best of the lot, would certainly have done much better under lighter capitalisation. The "Trusts" in Great Britain, we repeat, are not what they are in America. Which is so much the better for the outside public at large.



ATHLETIC EXERCISE BY LADS OF THE JERSEY HOME.

From Photographs by H. Tear, Clapham Road, S.W.

Echoes from the House.

Echoes from the House.

The Stock Exchange.

There have been so many false starts to that revival in general Stock Exchange business for which Capel Court has pined for the past two years, that one is tempted to wax cautious in expressing any opinion as to the likelihood of the present spurt continuing. A distinctly better tone is in evidence throughout most departments. Consols-led, the markets are responding willingly to the cheerfuller tone, and securities which a few weeks ago were all but unsaleable are now commanding quite a fair measure of support. You may trace the improvement to whatever source you like, but, whether you put the advance down to bear closing or hopes of a speedy cessation of the War, Canadian Crop prospects or saving in coal-bills, the actual root of the whole matter is that the public are beginning to spend money in the Stock Exchange again. There is a decided growth of investment orders—orders from people who pay for what they buy and sit on the stock.

contract of the contract of the Name of the Name (Canadian Crop) prospects or eating goods bills, the entire contract of the whole matrix is that the public are beginning to spend money in the Stock Exchange again. There is a decided growth of investment orders—orders fron people who pay for what they buy and sit on the stock.

Investors are coming shyly to the fore, encouraged at last by the cheapness of first-class securities in almost every market. The halt that has been called this year in the country's trade must, be a good thing for the Stock Exchange, great in the country's trade in the stock of the stock Exchange in the stock of the stock of the stock of the stock exchange in the stock of the stock exchange instead, and is spread over all the markets, investment and speculative milk, according to the taste of the possessor of the cash. Naturally, apportanted period of bad trade spells disaster to all classes, but the Board of Trade returns of a little part of the stock Exchange instead, and is spread over all the markets, investment and speculative period of bad trade spell disaster to all classes, but the Board of Trade returns for a little basiness in Throgomorton Street and its vicinity.

A good many people are asking if it is worth while to buy Consols now that they are as "high" as 942. They remember that the price dipped as low as 91-3; and ask if it is likely to go there again. It is a difficult market in which to see one's way at all clearly, but may own modest opinion is that it would pay the investor better to put his money into India Traces at 991, Local Loans at a Traction over pay, or London County 29 ber cents at 85. It less than two years at much better scope for rising than have the Ennast themselves.

Doubtless it will be to the Kafir Market that we shall all flock for the making of our fortunes, if the animation becomes serious in the Circus. So far, the noise, which has already brought about some fairly sub-tauntal rises, is nearly all or health of the professional interest is an othe

Saturday, Aug. 17, 1901.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects only to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each Month.

J. W. W.—We should advise you to buy 3 or 4 and 5 on your list. Do not average the Corporation Preferences.

H. M. D.—The name of a firm of brokers has been sent you.

Berks.—(1) We have no information; (2) We do not care for the shares;
(3) About nineteen shillings for both kinds; (4) To which list do you refer?

#### MRS. LANGTRY ON TOUR.

SNAPSHOTS BY LORD ROSSLYN.

HILST Mrs. Langtry has for the autumn given up her beautiful new Imperial Theatre to Mr. Herbert Waring, that fascinating lady is touring successfully in the provinces with the sumptuously costumed drama of "A Royal Necklace," of which she herself is the romantic central figure as Marie Antoinette.



Mr. G. Mackay.

"HOW WE FED OURSELVES AT CREWE."

Lord Rosslyn (whose stage-name is James Erskine) is a member of the Company, playing Count Fersen with habitual aplomb, and has furnished *The Sketch* with the accompanying snapshots, taken by

him on tour.

The first towns visited by Mrs. Langtry's "Royal Necklace" Company, under the direction of Mr. F. Mouillot, have been the popular Company, under the direction of Mr. P. Mountot, have seen the popular Lancashire pleasure resort of Blackpool, and the similarly popular East Coast watering-place, Great Yarmouth, at each of which the interesting French Revolutionary play has been received with favour. Indeed, the eighteen weeks' tour has started with "enormous business.



MRS. LANGTRY REHEARSING WITH MR. G. P. HAWTREY OUTSIDE THE MÉTROPOLE, BLACKPOOL.

The Mr. G. Mackay in the Crewe snapshot is the author of several plays, and was for some years a member of Mr. Tree's Company. Mr. George Hawtrey is well known as an elder brother of Mr. Charles Hawtrey, and was married just before the commencement of Mrs. Langtry's present tour. This week Mrs. Langtry is in Liverpool.